

BACHELOR

FIFTY CENTS


MARCH

THE PARTY THAT
COST A MILLION!

THE GIRL WHO
SLEPT IN
CHANEL NO. FIVE

A VISIT TO THE
BULL ON THE ROOF





Whether your
preference is for
fact articles,
or satire,
true-life fiction,
or fantasy, in
this issue
your taste will be
catered to,
as will tastes
in beauty with...

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for every
BACHELOR

BACHELOR



MARCH, 1963
VOL. 4, NO. 3



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BACHELOR SPECIALS

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|--------------------------------|
| HOW NOT TO BE A VEGETABLE | 10 | Introspection by Orson Bean |
| THE CHIC OF ARABY | 30 | Full Color Cover Girl |
| DOLLARS AND SCENTS | 50 | Article by Jay Martin |
| ARE MEN AFRAID OF SEXY WOMEN? | 58 | Special Survey by Joel Charles |

BACHELOR TALES

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| BORDERLINE CASE | 8 | By Kevin James |
| TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL | 16 | By Ursule Molinaro |
| SUCCESS STORY | 41 | By Clifford Burke |
| THE GIRL WHO SLEPT IN | | |
| CHANNEL NO. FIVE | 52 | By Ted Mark |

BACHELOR GIRLS

- | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|---------------------------|
| GETTING THE GATE | 13 | Full Color Personality |
| SERENDIPITY | 21 | Full Color Surprise |
| VIVE LA "I" | 37 | Full Color Beauty Feature |
| GEOGRAPHY MADE EASY | 56 | Glamor Galaxy |

BACHELOR-AT-PLAY

- | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------|
| THE PARTY THAT COST A MILLION | 24 | Revelry by Bernard Saffran |
| TIME OUT FOR TITTERS | 26 | Football by Jack Hunvaldo |
| THE BULL ON THE ROOF | 46 | Full Color Night Life |

BACHELOR LAUGHS

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|------------------------------|
| LUNCH MEANS BUSINESS | 18 | Illustrated by Mort Gerberg |
| A VERY PRIVATE TUSSELL | 34 | Fiction by Morton J. Golding |
| REVENGE IS OH-SO-SWEET! | 42 | Article by Hank Gross |

BACHELOR'S WORLD

- | | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------|------------------------------|
| WILD, WILD WORLD | 4 | Life's Oddities by the Staff |
| THE LONG-PLAYING BACHELOR | 6 | Record Reviews by Ken Noble |
| BACHELOR'S BOOKSHELF | 20 | Book Reviews by Larry Dann |

Cover Photo by **RON VOGEL**

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WILD, WILD WORLD

BEAUTY IS NOT DEAD ON FORM 22 A

Eccentricity is not dead and humor is still part and parcel of our culture. Proof of this can be found even in conservative government bureaus. Recently, a group of fashion models requested in a letter to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, some income tax relief on the grounds that their principal assets (shapeliness and beauty), would be lost over a period of time and that they were therefore entitled to allowance for "obsolescence and depletion." Their appeal was politely rejected. The Department claimed, among other things, that "American beauty never fades..." Would that the Department be as poetic when auditing our income tax statements.

TEEN AGERS STILL PLAY POST OFFICE



Boy friends are banned from being shipped through the mails according to a recent directive from the Postmaster General. The regretful decision was made in response to an inquiry from a teenage girl in Wyoming who had a boy friend in Illinois. She wrote asking if it was "possible and lawful to mail one's self?" It seems her boy friend lived in Illinois and wanted to see her before he went to college. The cost by train, round trip, is almost \$100 and "if it is possible to mail one's self, would it be cheaper? If so, how much less? Also, how would you go about it?"

The teenager had tried local and state postal authorities but had been unable to convince them of her sincerity.

Replied the Postmaster General, "I am sorry that the Post Office Department cannot help you, but people aren't mailable—even when they're male."

Fortunately, the Postmaster General's teen-age daughters have their boyfriends home in Washington.

GAGGLE PATROL

Until recently, there was a peculiar type of brigand stealing barrels of scotch whiskey as it mellowed on the bonny banks of the Clyde River, costing the producers hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly. The barrel bandits are no more. Scotland's noble nectar is now guarded by a strange police force—Chinese White Geese. It seems these creatures have sharp hearing with nerve ends located just beneath their skin, and become hysterical at the slightest sign of an intruder. Naturally, the noise attracts the guards, who really don't have to do too much. The geese, fortunately teetotalers, have sent many a prowler a-scurrying homeward with beak-torn kilts!

BRAZILIAN FEVER

"Flying Down to Rio" is no longer a song, but a plan for executives who have absconded with company funds. This has become so prevalent over the past few years, that the following bits of conversation were picked up in a popular Wall Street bar:

Young Broker: "It's no wonder the market's going down. All our best financial minds are in Brazil."

Accountant: "I don't know what the excitement's all about. Everybody dips into petty cash once in awhile."

Office Mgr.: "One thing about these fellows. They seem to carry more than \$50 in cash!" Vice-President: "He had the nerve to put the flight on the company's air credit card!"

Public Relations Man: "I can say one thing for Billy Sol. He didn't take off for Brazil, but then, who can carry a grain elevator?"

Entrepreneur: "Why don't we open a hotel in Brazil for runaway financiers?"



BACHELOR Magazine

Gifts of the Month



BIG-EYE CUFF LINKS

Keep an eye on your FEMME with a set of these new eye cuff links and tie rack that will cause comment when people see them peering out from the shirt cuffs. For girls as well as the men. These are really a real Complete set in floral pouch \$4.95 ppd.



ICE MOLD CUTIES

Ice tray with 8 molds shaped like gorgeous uncled dolls. Fill with water, freeze, pop out of mold and build your drinks around solid loveliness. Make your parties the ones that are talked about if you entertain, you should have plenty of these Ice Nudes. \$1.95 for a tray of 8 nudes.

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BACHELOR'S DATEBOOK

Here's how to succeed with women! Wallet sized to slip in any pocket. With listings from A to Z and brief pads for personal notations. Includes a handy pen for that phone number.



CERAMIC BOOZE BOMBS

Stands 10 1/2 inches high — Average capacity is 25 ozs. The most POTENT liquor containers in creation. Creates EXPLOSIVE attention for any PLAYBOY's ladder. The perfect gift for yourself or a teasing friend. Take your choice of any one for only \$1.95 or get the whole SHERANG for only \$8.95 (entire group of 5).



SEVEN SISTER STEP-INS

How many ways does she love you? Let her count the ways—and this gift will help her. Seven heavenly, curve-hugging embroidered panties, each one unique in color and motif. How many gals can boast that they come in seven different, delicious colors? The Filigree box can be used as a jewelry case. \$6.95



REBEL FLAG MUSIC LIGHTER

This Confederate Precision Lighter strikes up DIXIE each time you light up! If she's a gal from the deep South she'll flip and salute you when you light her cigarette. It's the perfect gift — and will really impress the members of the Mini-Julep set — be they your boss, customers, profs, or friends and Yankess. \$4.95 ppd.



PLAYBOY'S WATCH

It's always LOWING and DRINKING Time with this watch! It's the clock watch's dream come true because the golden 5 numerals always make a 5 o'clock. This Swiss-made jeweled watch is shock-proof and anti-magnetic. It keeps perfect time. It's a superb gift or gag for a FUN-LOVER. Dicks up! \$14.95 ppd.



DOCTOR'S STETHOSCOPE

Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this brand new surplus U.S. Medical Corps stethoscope is ideal for doctors, nurses, students, makes a perfect instrument for teaching adults and children the rudiments of the respiratory system. Lots of fun. \$4.95



GLOBAL WRISTWATCH

All eyes are drawn to the manly wrist that wears this handsome watch. Swiss-made masterpiece tells the time anyplace in the world! Features shock protected movement, anti-magnetic hair-spring sweep second hand, unbreakable main-spring, golden anodized case, luminous dial, genuine leather strap and comes in a smartly-styled presentation case. \$14.95

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BY KEN NOBLE

CHICAGO THE LIVING LEGENDS
ALBERT WYNN
AND HIS GUTBUCKET SEVEN



PHOTOGRAPH



ALBUM
LONG PLAYING BACHELOR

ALL STAR CAST (ABC Paramount). As one would guess from the title, this is an album of stars! Of the twelve artists appearing on this disc, particularly outstanding are Ray Charles ("Stella By Starlight"), Johnny Nash ("But Not For Me"), Steve Lawrence ("You're Nearer"), Eddie Fisher ("Shalom"), and Eydie Gorme ("You Need Hands"). Makes for some mighty good listening.

MORE MUSIC TO BREAK A LEASE!!! (ABC Paramount). Following up one successful record with another of the same type is standard procedure in the record business. This time, Sid Feller not only repeats his last success (*Music To Break A Lease*) but adds a new dimension in sing-a-long records, which are all the rage these days. This little album, however, should certainly give pause to a guy named Mitch who also cuts a great many sing-a-longs. The songs are familiar standards but the style — well, that's sort of familiar, too, but in a decidedly different way. The voices you hear on this album belong to amateurs, selected from the elevators, lunch room and various other sections of ABC's office building. The result is indescribable! Should be great fun as an ice breaker at a party; should also be a boon to the lonely bachelor who wants the neighbors to think he's havin' a ball!

CHICAGO — THE LIVING LEGENDS: ALBERT WYNN and his **GUTBUCKET SEVEN** (Riverside). Continuing their successful *Living Legend* series, Riverside Records has captured the pulse of traditional jazz as it is played today in Chicago. It features Al Wynn on trombone, Bill Martin, Trumpet, Darnell Howard, clarinet, Bus Moten, piano, Blind John Davis, piano, Mike McKendrick, guitar, Robert Wilson, bass and Booker Washington, drums. The selections are all well

known jazz and pop standards. An invaluable aid to the jazz buff.

THELONIOUS MONK: GREATEST HITS (Riverside). The controversy raging over the young man featured on this album will undoubtedly exist for many years to come. But whichever side you are on, you have to admit that Thelonious Monk is a man to be reckoned with in the field of progressive jazz. On this album, he plays his best known compositions, including the fabulous *Round Midnight*. Also worthy of mention is the very able support of tenor sax man John Coltrane on the beautiful *Ruby My Dear*.

CLASSICS OF MODERN JAZZ (Jazzland). The music heard on this album was recorded in 1948 — released now for the very first time. This album presents The Tadd Dameron Band featuring Fats Navarro on trumpet, Kai Winding on trombone, Rudi Williams, alto sax, Allan Eager, tenor sax, Milt Jackson, vibes, Tadd Dameron, piano and Kenny Clark, drums. This is the music that played such an important part in fashioning jazz as we know it today.

LETTER FROM HOME (Riverside). "Eddie Jefferson is a jazz singer in the fullest sense of the word." So reads off the liner notes on the back cover of this album — and so one listen to the voice of Eddie Jefferson convinces you. In addition to the title song, Eddie sings *Take The "A" Train*, *Billie's Bounce*, *Back In Town*, *Soft And Furry*, *A Night In Tunisia*, *Things Are Getting Better*, *Keep Walkin'*, *I Feel So Good* and *Bless My Soul*, the last being one of Charlie Parker's great compositions.

IN THE BAG (Jazzland). Recorded in New Orleans, the home of traditional jazz, this is modern jazz at its very best. It's the Nat Adderley Sextet with Cannonball Adderley and Sam Jones and they just don't come much better than that! Nat conceived the idea for this recording when he heard some of the local boys in New Orleans experimenting with modern jazz. The result of that fortunate experience is captured here for the enjoyment of all.

DANCING ON BROADWAY: THE MUSIC OF RICHARD RODGERS (Riverside). The Harry Arnold Orchestra bring us some more very danceable music, all the more pleasant since they play exclusively the music of Richard Rodgers. These are the melodies he wrote in the thirties in collaboration with lyricist Lorenz Hart: *Lover*, *This Can't Be Love*, *Blue Moon*, *There's A Small Hotel*, *My Funny Valentine* and many others. You'll hum your way all through this one.



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back to their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, *HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH*, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 34701L, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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BORDERLINE CASE

*The beauty of
the Woman made him go wild
with desire, but
the Master tamed his ardor!*

FICTION / By Kevin James

THE DARKNESS HERE is complete darkness; the light, complete light. The starlight casts no shadows past the surrounding peaks, and by day there is no blue in the sky that is one vast sun. Nor is there any air, so that this place must be much like the far side of the moon, a place of extremes with no shades or greys or degrees. There are only the abrupt and total blackness of night and the sudden glare of total day.

And both by day and by night there is the Woman.

I met her soon after I arrived, after I became so ill. I came here to the desert of my own free will, because only here, I knew, could I be cured. I remember trying to scale the highest peak and I remember, when I was close to the top, my feet slipped and I plunged down again, all the way to the bottom. Unhurt, I regained my feet—and then I saw the Woman.

Are you badly hurt, she asked, and put her hand tenderly on my shoulder. Imagine, if you can, a beauty so great as to be painful, so that your breathing comes fast and the blood in your head threatens to blind you. Such was the beauty of the Woman. She was clad all in white lacy garments that did not hide, but only stressed, the loveliness beneath. I stared at her for a time and there was no shame in her eyes but only a look of understanding. And, I felt, of invitation.

But when I drew nearer to accept the invitation she shied away with a light laugh. "Not yet," she said, "not yet."

There was then a period of confusion and I remember little of it; just the myriad of faces that came and (Cont. on page 70)



Stringing along with this
Bean is a hilarious
lesson on how a comic can
fill his pockets
with cabbage without ever
resorting to corn!



HOW NOT TO BE

by ORSON BEAN

MY NAME, as viewers of the old Jack Paar Show all know, is not Orson Bean at all. Like most people in show business, it's a professional name. Now if your name is Spangler Arlington Brugh, there's a necessity to change it to Robert Taylor, or if you've been christened Tula Lea Finklea, Cyd Charisse is much more glamorous. My given name sounds like a professional name. It's Dallas Burroughs. I was born Dallas Burroughs. My folks still use the name Burroughs. My relatives and old friends still call me Dallas. But I feel like Orson Bean. After several years of being Orson Bean—well, let me tell you about it.

There's no doubt. Orson Bean is a funny name.

Girls—my favorite people—either love it or hate it. There's no middle ground. Take this letter I received recently. No kidding, I really did:

Dear Mr. Bean:

I've never seen you but I think your name is lovely. Every time I hear it I get this funny feeling, like I want to laugh. You sound like a character in the old Archie comics, which must be very nice. Don't you feel like laughing when people call you Mr. Bean? I would very much like to meet you.

Alice R.

Toronto, Age 18.

Well, Alice R., I really don't want to meet you.

But it's nice getting mail. The only mail I received as Dallas Burroughs was bills. As Dallas Burroughs I was the most unsuccessful magician in the Northeast. My act was so unpopular, that the master of ceremonies, to get a laugh, would introduce me as Gulliver Thonk, or Peterkin Gimp. New Englanders always get a yok out of names like that, so I didn't mind. Burroughs sounded like an adding machine. One night the M.C. had just eaten a bowl of chile and was reading a novel by Orson Welles. When

(Continued on next page)



A VEGETABLE

HOW NOT TO BE A VEGETABLE

the time came to introduce me, he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, Orson Bean." The house came down, and happily, people have been laughing ever since, and I've developed an entire family of Beans. It also brings me mail. One of my routines concerns my great-great grandfather, Ezekiel Bean, a hero of the American Revolution. Well, actually, he wasn't much of a hero, but he was the most famous bartender of Colonial times. Rumor has it that he poured the shot that was heard around the world. Many of the celebrities of the period hung around great-great grandfather Ezekiel's tavern. There was George and Martha Washington. Poor George, wooden teeth and all. But it was a neighborhood place—that gasser John Hancock, and swingers like John Quincy Adams all came in for a snort or two. Paul Revere used to dash in when he had a minute.

But I'm getting away from my story. Great-great grandfather Ezekiel almost lost the Revolution. He brewed his stuff in his own back yard, and word trickled back to England. George the Third got a Fifth—or was it the other way around?

One night the British General Cornwallis dropped in with his troops and the Hessians, too. They were a drag, but you couldn't keep them out. Great-great grandfather Ezekiel took out his freshly brewed stuff and the British went to town. They really can guzzle, you know—even though they don't use ice.

The next day was the battle of Bunker Hill. The American General Prescott gave his famous order. "Men," he said, looking toward the lobster coated British who were reeling up the hill, "Don't fire til you see the whites of their eyes." But they didn't have any.

Now I think this is a pretty funny routine. But when my record came out I got all sorts of mail concerning the event.

Dear Mr. Bean:

My great-great grandfather was named Ezekiel Bean. (He's mentioned in Bradshaw's History of the First Families To Settle In Eastern Cambridge, Alton Press, Boston, 1873). Nowhere in the genealogy does it mention that he had a tavern. In fact, he was a lay minister. And, although I'll admit that some Beans might have been Tories (the grandsons of Barnett L.Q. Bean, specifically, but

they changed their name to Parson, for unexplained reasons, when they moved to Montreal, where descendants of theirs still exist) but old Ezekiel was a Patriot. He would have done nothing to hurt the Battle of Bunker Hill, and I feel you should make a public apology."

Z. Adler (Mrs. Genevieve) Ogonquit, Maine

P.S. We no longer are Beans. Somewhere around 1806, Elizabeth Bean married Jeremiah Adler, and that was the end of the Beans.

I answered Mrs. Adler's letter saying that Bean was a pseudonym, and that I meant no ill will. She answered succinctly, "I don't believe you. Once a Bean, always a Bean."

What can I do?

Like the time I received a call from a girl who said she was a reporter for a well known magazine and was assigned to interview me. I'm not adverse to publicity. Besides, she said her name was Bean, too.

As soon as she came in the door I knew that she might have a job—somewhere—but not for a magazine. Were I casting the Beast from 5000 Fathoms, she'd have had an excellent opportunity for the part.

At least she told me the truth from the beginning. "You must be related to me," she said. "I'm a lost Bean."

"So am I," I said, encouragingly. I was about to tell her that it was a stage name when she burst into tears.

"I hope you don't mind my coming here," she wailed. "I'm an orphan." I was touched, and let her continue. "All I know is that my name is Bean, and when I saw you were appearing in a Broadway play, I had to see you."

She paused. "In case you might be my long lost Bean." Then she told me she was unemployed and had trouble finding a job. Since she was a Bean, and I was Bean, and we Beans have to stick together, I decided to help. So, I called a friend who managed an employment agency. When I told her to visit him, she implored me to come along. "I couldn't stand the thought of losing you so soon," she said, as appealingly as she could. What could I do?

We hailed a cab and were on our way to the agency where I hoped I could dump her, happily employed, a satisfied Bean. As the cab started,

she dug into her handbag, and so help me, pulled out a paper sack of unshelled peas. Now, this actually happened. "Let's shell them," she said.

"Shell them?" She looked at me quizzically, busy shelling peas and tossing them on the floor of the cab, much to the chagrin of the cab driver. "Don't you like to shell peas?"

"Well, Miss Bean, I really never thought much about it," I answered. "You've never shelled peas?"

"Well, once or twice for my mother, but then we started using the frozen variety."

"Frozen peas?"

"Yes." Her complete expression changed. She tapped the cab driver on the shoulder. "Stop here," she said with determination. With terrible dejection, and without turning to even look at me squarely, she said, "Orson, you're no real Bean," and leaving me the half-empty bag of peas, left, never, fortunately, to be seen again.

But you know, I've found that shelling peas is very relaxing. You should try it sometime.

Another one of my routines deals with an Australian "cousin" of mine who is arrested in Sydney for having relations with an ostrich. I do the entire bit in what I think is an Australian accent. It's a short routine in which the Queens Attorney (like our D.A.) deplores the fact that "anyone should dally with our feathered brothers."

"Feathered BROTHERS," cries the defendant, my Australian cousin Bean. "What do you mean BROTHERS." At this point the judge interrupts and says, "Amend the statement to include feathered brothers and SISTERS."

The Defendant looks at the judge and says innocently, "If I'd known that it would cause all this trouble, I'd married the bloody bird."

You know, I didn't realize I had such a following in Australia. Especially among the Australian Beans.

A typical example came from Port Darwin.

Dear Mr. Bean:

Or should I write dear cousin Bean, for all us Beans are related one way or tuther. It doesn't set well in my craw for a Bean to be on the stage in the first place, but when he airs the family wash for all to hear, well, that's too much. Now, every family has skeletons in its closets, but is it anybody's business in the first place. (Continued on page 68)

g

ETTING THE GATE

What kind of a
fellow would give the
gate to pert
Sally Lippeau? A fellow
with a problem
only Sally could solve!





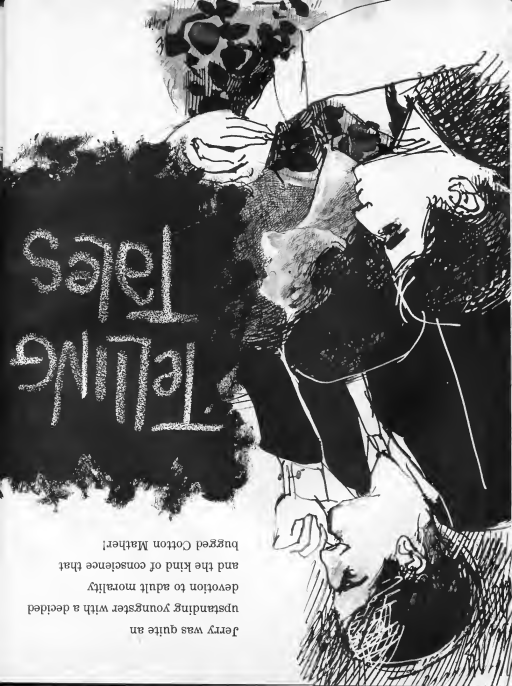
The fellow who gave Sally the gate was a neighbor who had to leave for Europe on business in a hurry. The gate's really a valuable antique and Sally makes the perfect gate-keeper! But don't fence her in!





Jerry was quite an
upstanding youngster with a decided
devotion to adult morality
and the kind of conscience that
bugged Cotton Mather!

Telling Tales



"GOOD AFTERNOON, sir. Yes, I am Jerry, the young man who wrote you the letter, Kerstin Blaine's friend. It was good of you to see me so promptly, good for your sake, I may add. I wish I could say that I'll be brief. I know how busy you are, too busy for your own good, perhaps. Unfortunately, this thing shouldn't be told in a few concise sentences. It could, of course. Everything can. But it has been going on for so long. You'd only wish to question me afterwards. I'd rather tell it my way, if you don't mind.

"No, thank you. I don't drink. But you go right ahead, sir. You may need it.

"I can see you're getting annoyed. You're expecting unpleasant news. Perhaps you find me unpleasant. It's the same thing, believe me. Have you had a classical education? You haven't. Well, in the classical days, when people lived

FICTION

by Ursule Molinaro

OUT of School

closer to their reflexes, the bearer of bad news risked his head. All you can do today is throw me out.

"You want to know why I'm taking all the trouble? You're quite wrong. I don't want money. My information is not for sale. After all, I'm not your private detective.

"Yes, I took the train to come here. Four hours. I could hardly borrow Kerstin's car for this delicate mission, could I?

"Why I came at all? I'll tell you: I'm interested in the development of consciousness. Our conversation here this afternoon promises to develop the consciousness of several people—yours, our friend Kerstin's (Cont. on page 72)

Illustrated by MORT GERBERG

WHEN THE AUTHOR of *Gulliver's Travels* advised all bachelors that the best luncheon consisted of "bread, cheese, and kisses," the business lunch had not yet been invented. Today's business lunch philosophy is that there's no better time for getting your client to say "yes" (the "kisses" could come in here if your client happens to be young, pretty and willing) than when he's comfortably seated behind a well-provisioned and happily Martini'd table. But business lunches are not all major company mergers and million dollar sales meetings. As Mort Gerberg shows, lunch can be an extremely funny business.

LUNCH MEANS BUSINESS



"We appreciate your comments, Harvey, but in the future, please don't make them with a mouthful of barley soup!"



"Remember, when the waiter spills the soup on him, you whip out the cleaning fluid and demonstrate it while I make the sales pitch..."



"Well, Mr. Brand, is this your final estimate?
—MMM?—Mr. Brand?—Ahh, Mr. Brand
—Mr. Brand—Mr...."



"—Really sorry about this, R.D.—
I must have lost my credit cards
when we got out of the cab..."



"Damn it, Mr. Harrison, Sir! Will you
stop feeding your fat face for a second
and look at these figures..."



"The man makes chocolate pudding! We're trying to get his
business! So how the hell do you order ice cream for dessert!"



"We took Mr. Yamoto to a Japanese restaurant, and everything
went great until young Burton here drank his finger bowl!"

BY
LARRY
DANN



BACHELOR'S



BOOKSHELF

TROPIC OF CANCER by Henry Miller (Grove Press). Grove Press is the thinking man's publisher. It's also a lousy gambler, albeit a courageous one. Both these claims are proven by Grove's experience in publishing "Lady Chatterly's Lover" and following it with Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer." Until Grove took the risk, both books had been banned from the U.S. as pornography. In attempting to break down that ban, Grove was doing the publishing equivalent of crashing the sound barrier, or beating the four-minute mile. Well, they crashed the barrier, they beat the four-minute mile, but even today there are those in the book publishing world who think they were crazy to do it. Far from being profitable, it cost Grove money in legal fees to fight censorship across the country. That they fought the good fight is assured by their publication of "Tropic of Capricorn," surely—and with all due respect to Faulkner, Hemingway & Co.—one of the greatest books of our times.

Having said that, it should be noted that the storm of criticism sure to be aroused by this book is not altogether unjustifiable. Mr. Miller uses profane, four-letter Anglo-Saxon words and lots of 'em. He describes various sex acts in great detail and with humorous irreverence. At times in this book sex is cause for despair; at other times it is a matter of rejoicing. But at no time is it glossed over with sugary descriptions, or disguised by

'acceptable' language. What places the bawdiest of Mr. Miller's sequences beyond the realm of ordinary morality is the complete honesty with which he presents them.

This honesty permeates the book; it is the mark of its greatness. This is so because in his honesty Miller reveals to us the workings of a truly original mind. And mirrored in the labyrinths of this brain are all the false values, hypocrisies, lies, self-condemnations and self-destructions of our society.

This, naturally, results in a wholesale mowing down of sacred cows which are sure to rear up again and howl their outrage at the author. Not only the bluenoses will be offended by this book, but also just about all those who cling to any fixed point of reference in this world. Perhaps that is because this world is not really Miller's world. He stands aside from it and regards it with the utmost contempt. Still, what better function for an artist? It has been written that true genius is that which sees things differently from the way they are viewed by the ordinary person. The description certainly fits Miller. It fits him, for example, when he writes about a book he'd read, not understood completely, but enjoyed, as follows:

"Because in not understanding the meaning of the words, neither I nor my friends, one thing became very clear and that was that there were ways of not understanding and that the difference between the non-understanding of one individual and the non-understanding of another created a world of terra firma even more solid than differences of understanding."

It's a fine point, but an important one, particularly in relationship to "Capricorn" itself. Miller is not easily understood. In writing that sings, he goes off on wild flights of intellectual fancy, makes sexual side excursions without pause and without warning, pokes fun at all things human one moment and then displays the greatest comprehension of the human tragedy the next. He takes the reader through a mad, midsummer sleigh-ride through a world that never was and en route points out with unflinching truth the (to him) loathsome landmarks of the world that is. His laughter is the laughter of despair, his tears the tears of hope. This is me, Henry Miller, he seems to be saying, and I don't care whether you like me or hate me, for I am sufficient unto myself. That self, in all its honestly shown contradictions, might be the self of any member of mankind—had he the courage to face it as Miller has.

It is easy to carp and find faults in this book and many will do so. They will say that Miller is nihilistic. They will say he is un-American. They will say he is anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-German (although he is of German descent), anti-Morm, anti-fatherhood, anti-decency and many, many other antis. They will be right of course. Miller, and this book, are all those things, because they are anti-world and anti-humanity. At the same time, in the most profound sense, they are pro-world and pro-humanity, as is shown by the extreme extent to which they envision a better world and a better humanity. Miller has said elsewhere that he desires to change nothing. Yet, his very attack on the status quo in itself constitutes the most urgent demand for change.

In making this demand, he has written the greatest American work since "Moby Dick!"

The act of discovering something wonderful
by complete and utter accident is called . . .

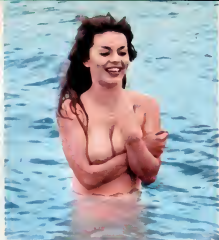
SEREN- DIP-



ITY



*Finding lovely polar
bear swimmers in
an isolated lagoon
is the most welcome
serendipity of all!*



LIVING PROOF that riches are where you find them is this group of beautiful bathers splashing around the blue waters of an autumn-kissed lagoon — with nary a quiver among them. Stumbled upon accidentally or not, we feel the scene is a treasure that would impress even the three ancient kings of legendary Serendip. According to middle-European mythology, the three kings each set out upon a trip and each discovered an incredible treasure accidentally. What treasure could be more fabulous than these winter bathers in a day's end setting where the dazzling brilliance of the sun has changed the restless waves into a broken jigsaw puzzle of crystal. The poet who said that "from the shining waters of the midwinter sun come the storehouse of jewels that delight the heart's hidden cockles," certainly knew what he was talking about.



*When Jim Hyde threw
his wild party he didn't know
that it would cost
his reputation, his company, his
social career and
exile from the United States.
All that aside,
it was sure one hell of a party!*

THE PARTY THAT

By Bernard Saffran



A FEW YEARS AGO, the late Mike Todd tossed a party in honor of the premiere of "Around the World In 80 Days." Reputedly, the party cost nearly a million dollars and a celebrated movie columnist termed it, "one of the elaborate functions ever to be presented and New York has never seen the likes of it."

The celebrated columnist was wrong. Next to James Hazen Hyde's little shindig in honor of the French Ambassador to the United States on January 31, 1905, Todd's fete pales into insignificance. According to Broadway producer Max Gendel, former executive assistant to Todd, "when we decided to throw our gala, we contacted Hyde, (then in his 80's), but he didn't want to have anything to do with parties."

It's no wonder. Hyde's million dollar costume ball cost him more than money. It ruined his reputation, caused him never-to-be-forgotten scandal, lost his place in the social register and forced him to give up active directorship of a major company. In fact, national disapproval was so great, Hyde found it expedient to take up residency in Paris—the beginning of a voluntary exile that lasted until the Second world war compelled inconspicuous repatriation in 1941.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century, American society was coming in to its own. In those pleasant days before income taxes, a millionaire was worthy of the epithet, the Vanderbilts, the Morgans, the Astors, the Fiskes—all tried to outdo each other. When the Prince of Wales

COST A MILLION

came to the United States, for example, a ball was thrown by John Jacob Astor III and ex-New York governor Hamilton Fish in which, according to the British press, was "extravagant," but "not in strict accordance with good breeding." What the British press overlooked, however, was that the amorous Prince of Wales ducked out of the party and disported himself riotously in New York's then flourishing red-light district.

On his twenty-eight birthday, Hyde decided to give a party that, as he told his friend Stanford White, the famous architect, "even the Prince of Wales wouldn't want to leave." Having just come into a "small inheritance" consisting of control of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, and concomitant directorship in forty-six corporations, money seemed no object.

Throughout his undergraduate days at Harvard Jim Hyde was considered somewhat of a hayseed, was awkward with women and men alike, and stuttered. To make up for this, he became a playboy. More than once, Hyde was admonished by the police for wild driving. He would rent a Hansom cab, pay the driver to let him take the reins, and then go barreling down Fifth Avenue cracking his whip "like a western stage coach driver." When coach racing became a popular but short-lived sport, Hyde was one of the first "gentleman of high degree" to become a driver—there's no doubt that if he was in his young manhood today, he'd be racing sports cars.

But most of all he was a party man. "Town Topics," the society paper of the day, said that "the bearded young Hyde was the first to arrive at a function, and the last to leave. It doesn't matter at all whether or not he was invited in the first place—for he seems welcome especially by the young ladies."

Hyde also was a Francophile, and as soon as he (Cont. on p. 33)



TIME OUT FOR TITTERS



When the crowd's
roaring with laughter instead
of excitement,
when the players are tickled
instead of tackled,
when the giggles come faster
than goals, it's

by Jack Hunvaldo



ON A BRISK November day a
few seasons back, 43,000

football enthusiasts filled the University of Pennsylvania's Franklin Field to watch and scream at the traditional battle between Columbia and Penn. By the beginning of the fourth quarter the score was tied at 18. As the twenty-two players faced off at the scrimmage line, the solid wall of noise dissolved to a hushed silence.

Suddenly there was a flurry of movement, a quick, bullet-like pass, and Al Barabas of Columbia was in the clear with the ball. A wave of sound erupted from the stands as he raced towards the goal line, two husky tacklers at his heels. With a strenuous lunge, one of the tacklers grabbed for Barabas' legs, acquiring instead the back of his pants. Undaunted, Barabas struggled on with the ball. Suddenly, with a sound that was lost in the screaming stadium, the pants gave way. Barabas continued on, untackled, untrousered, and unheeding, to score the winning touchdown. It was a (Cont. next page)

TIME OUT FOR TITTERS

brilliant, though ill-fated run. And the crowd, in appreciation, laughed its collective head off for the next ten minutes.

Such unexpected hilarity is not uncommon in football. The rib-breaking is generously spiked with rib-tickling, and no one can predict where or when the zaniness will suddenly begin.

For example, the crucial moment in a big game when the quarterback of the visiting team broke away like a madman to pay a visit to the goal posts. The home team coach, in a frenzy of excitement, yelled to his team: "Stop him! Stop that man!"

A spectator in the front row heard the urgent cry. Caught up in the excitement himself, he jumped the fence, ran out onto the field and brought the runner to the ground with a tackle that would have done justice to an All-American. All his efforts got him, though, were a big laugh, a few headlines and a bruised shoulder. The other team was awarded the touchdown.

Another instance when a non-player momentarily forgot himself occurred at a Penn State game in 1953. The opening kickoff veered a little off center and headed straight for the referee. "I got it!" he yelled crazily, motioning the other players out of the way.

The ball fell into his arms and he started to dash down the field. The two teams stared at him dumbly. About halfway to the goalposts the official came to his senses. Embarrassed to a beet red, he dropped the ball and walked off the field. He explained later: "I'd never been in the clear before. I guess I just lost my head."

As a result of such incidents football followers have come to know that from the moment foot meets ball almost anything can happen. On one occasion a player kicked the ball so furiously that it burst with a loud pop and fell, deflated and useless, at his feet. Another time a kicker put such a follow through into his punt that the ball went back over his head—for a loss of 37 yards.

Probably the funniest fouled-up kick in football history occurred in the Brown-Dartmouth game in 1949. It was the fourth down, and the Dartmouth man, having received the signal to punt, was racing toward

the ball. About a foot and a half before it, however, he stumbled and went flying over the ball onto the ground. The Brown team, unable to check their momentum, piled onto him like rubble from a collapsing building. The Dartmouth center, who'd been holding the ball in readiness for the kick, looked up to see every Brown player tangled together like a mismatched jigsaw puzzle. Calmly picking up the ball, he bowed to the laughing crowd, and stroled 97 yards for a touchdown.

His, however, wasn't the only crazy touchdown ever scored. When the University of Washington was playing Southern California in 1940 an inopportune pop of a photographer's flashbulb blinded two Washington tacklers just long enough to allow the California halfback to slip through for a goal. And the famous pro, Frank Gifford, once caused an unorthodox touchdown by playfully tossing a worm in the face of one of his teammates. The player, deathly afraid of worms, jumped like a firecracker. He was so scared he knocked six blockers out of his way and ran for a touchdown.

One of the best-known gags in football is the disappearing ball trick, first invented by the Carlisle Indians in 1903. But it was nothing compared to the disappearing player trick executed, quite by accident, at Morris High School in Delaware in 1957. Sandy Dalton, 17-year old Morris quarterback was carrying the ball when suddenly he vanished from sight.

For a few seconds the commotion of the game covered the loss. Then the teams trotted to a halt and looked around in consternation. The coaches came running onto the field. "What's wrong?" they wanted to know.

"Dalton's gone," said one of the players.

"Impossible," said the Morris coach. He lined them up and counted noses. Sure enough Dalton was missing. "He was in that play, wasn't he?" asked the coach.

"Carried the ball," said a player.

"Impossible," said the coach again. Then he called: "Dalton! Come here this minute!" The field announcer took up the cry on the P.A. system.

Suddenly a head popped up in the middle of the field, then a body. It

was Dalton, grinning and rubbing a sore knee. There had been a large hole on the field that had been covered with thin boards and sod, and Dalton had crashed, unnoticed, right through it.

Burning at the merriment the incident had caused, the coach stalked angrily out to the center of the field. "You nitwit!" he barked as he approached Dalton. "You imbecile! You—"

And then a second makeshift covering gave way, and, as the stadium shrieked its delight, the coach slid quickly out of sight too. After that, there was little he could say to Dalton.

However, though Dalton's debacle was purely accidental, football players do have something of a reputation as blockheads. Football itself has even been classed as "a sport played on Saturdays by twenty-two men before 50,000 or so spectators, most of whom never really went to college either."

There is some basis for this. One of the most famous football legends involves Joe Bumpkin of the University of Iowa, an extremely valuable player whose impending funk in English threatened to endanger the school's winning streak. The coach pleaded with the professor to pass Bumpkin. "All right," agreed the professor finally. "But on one condition. I'll give him one word to spell, and if he can get just one letter right, I'll give him a passing grade."

Bumpkin went for his test. "Spell 'Coffee,'" said the prof.

Bumpkin pondered, then recited slowly: "K-A-U-P-H-Y."

Some real classics of stupidity have been attributed to the brawny giants of the gridiron. Like the University of Nebraska halfback who, in his first game, tore across the goal line without the ball, then went up to the coach and beamed. "Nice touchdown, huh Coach?"

"Rummy!" yelled the coach. "Don't you know you can't get a touchdown without carrying the ball!"

The player looked crestfallen and confused. "Damn!" he said finally. "Every year new rules!"

Not much better off was the coach who tried teaching a group of underbrained beginners the rudiments of the game. "We'll start with the fundamentals," he said. "This"—he held it up—"is a football—"

Just then a voice broke in. "Hold it, Coach. Not so fast." (Cont. on p. 64)



"I don't like the way she dresses for those baby-sitting jobs, and fifty dollars a night seems a little high!"

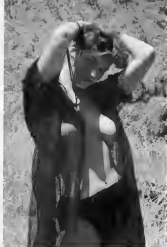


THE CHIC OF ARABY



When it comes
to playing 'dress-ups,'
a harem costume is
just the thing to fit the
exotic mood of
this month's cover girl,
Eleanor Bradley!

And when Ellie leaves
her dreams of Araby to
stroll in a California glen,
she's every bit as alluring!



THE PARTY THAT COST A MILLION

(Continued from page 25)

received his inheritance, he set up a trust to enable worthy young Americans to study at the Sorbonne. (The scholarship stands today). He was a close friend of the French ambassador to the United States, and the motive for Hyde's party, was, as the invitation read, "an innocent merriment in honor of the return of the French Ambassador to his native land."

At first architect Stanford White was loathe to work for Hyde. Although quite a "ripper" himself, he was also the most noted architect of his day—having just designed and built Pennsylvania Station and the New York Public Library. Exerting his considerable talent for a one-night stand seemed a waste. But Hyde was persuasive and, lured by a huge fee, White finally conceded. (It is interesting to note that White was shot and killed shortly afterward by Harry Thaw who accused White of hanky-panky with show-girl Evelyn Nesbitt, resulting in one of the most spectacular trials in legal history.)

"I want my costume ball to eclipse in splendor any function of the kind ever held in New York," were Hyde's words of instruction to White.

The party was to be held at Sherry's, an establishment on Fifth Avenue, then as now, an elegant area of New York. White transformed Sherry's large ballroom into a reproduction of the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, with its floor carpeted in rose petals and its walls embellished by thousands of orchids.

The guests (1000 invited) were to wear Court costume. Waiters and other attendants (400 in all) were attired in the livery and perukes of royal lackeys. This little touch cost a mere \$53,000. (The costumes were sold to a theatrical company for \$13,000).

Festivities started in a quiet enough fashion with the arrival of the costumed guests. Hyde, in a "coat of bottle green...cut in customary evening fashion, with the revers of dove colored silk, black silk knee breeches; black silk stockings; low black slippers," greeted his guests in the Versailles setting.

The guest list included princes, dukes, Astors, Rockefellers, Goulds, Roosevelts (except the President—because he "was hunting bears in Mississippi") and a gentleman named William Barclay Mastersson, who had just left a job as U.S. Marshal in Dodge City, Kansas to accept a position with the New York Telegram. His nickname: "Bat."

Most of them were spectacularly

attired. Mrs. Clarence Mackay, pretty young socialite of the period, came as the French actress Adrienne Lecouvreur in her great role of Phédre. Her dress was of silver cloth studded with turquoise, silver sandals, and a silver tunic and sirt. "From her shoulders there fell a long train carried throughout the evening by two tiny Negro boys in costumes of pink brocade."

New York was in a recession at the time, and crowds of people, many unemployed, watched the coaches arrive at Sherry's, shouting insults at the gilded aristocrats. One woman, dressed as Marie Antoinette, looked at the crowd and appropriately remarked (reported in a violent editorial in the New York Sun) "let them eat cake." A bowery tough tossed a rotten tomato at her. Contemporary reports don't say whether or not his aim was successful.

Somehow, Hyde convinced a group of beautiful debutantes to "entertain" with a "gavotte," costumed in "shockingly revealing gowns," causing one young English blade to remark, "This is the greatest display I've seen since I've been weaned."

Then trumpets sounded, and the 1000 guests marched to supper (diamond back terrapin, caviar, and champagne) on the floor below where, several centuries out of context, myriad multicolored electric bulbs peeped through "the thousands of blooms" and over each of the sixty tables, "a rose bush in full bloom reared itself." Eccentric socialist Harry Lehr, screamed, "Who can eat this junk. Why the hell can't a man get hard boiled eggs and beer." Nobody else complained. They were too busy drinking some of the "nearly 2500 bottles of champagne" reportedly consumed.

Then, the "innocent merriment" began. Several orchestras were hired—one for each of the rooms, the most notable being the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra under the baton of Naham Franko—to play until 7 a.m. when breakfast was served to the gallant survivors.

"Town Topics," aforementioned, reported that a group of "ladies, unworthy of the name, hearing of Hyde's exotic revel, managed to gain entrance into the party to ply their nefarious wares. Naturally, most of the gentlemen and ladies present were shocked, and Mr. Hyde was enraged." (nothing was mentioned about evicting the "ladies.")

Apparently, some of the gentlemen, especially those in their cups weren't especially shocked, for the "ladies, unworthy of the name" left

with some very worthy money, and one of the busboys, now a retired waiter, and formerly valet to Diamond Jim Brady says that "one of the upstairs rooms was used by the women from one of the big brothels near Gramercy Park. Everybody was so drunk by the time dancing got started, that nobody realized, what the little room upstairs was being used for." There's no doubt that the amorous Prince of Wales would have stayed at Hyde's party.

All this innocent merriment resulted in anti-Hyde editorials and the public airing of the intramural Equitable feud. Co-directors were unhappy with Hyde's profligate spending, and when the public learned of the million dollar party, confidence in insurance companies was seriously weakened.

Actually, Hyde's downfall was brought about by the "Town Topics" publisher, Colonel William D'Alton Mann, a "patriarchal, debonair veteran of the Civil War." The Good Colonel had devised means of securing peculiarly discreditable tidbits of scandal about the elect. It was the Colonel's boast that his safe held the reputations of the Four Hundred. (When finally opened it contained a photograph of an unknown woman, and a half-used bottle of cheap brandy.) Fear, however, had filled it with alarming ghosts and skeletons. The colonel's substantial income was derived from a product of extreme social value: silence. The kindly publisher was always willing to accept loans from prominent gentlemen whose secrets had come to his attention. Those refusing a loan, often had their peccadillos reported in Town Topics, with "embarrassing frankness." Through Hyde, the Equitable Life Assurance Company had come through with a loan of nearly \$200 thousand.

Colonel Mann was exposed shortly after the Hyde party, a public investigation of Hyde—ensued, the prosecutor being Charles Evans Hughes, and the young reveler left New York, to return only as an old man. He never again made headlines, spending his time writing strenuous biographies of ancient French diplomats.

In June, 1905, "Metropolitan Magazine" summed up: "Mr. James Hazen Hyde has for the last three months fairly shared the honors with President Roosevelt in being one of the most talked of men in the country. A facetious commentator remarks that the scheme of life is now, like Gaul, divided into three parts: The Simple Life as taught by Mr. Charles Wagner (the Norman Vincent Peale of the turn of the century), The Strenuous Life as exemplified by Mr. Roosevelt, and the Equitable Life as exploited by Mr. Hyde."

###



A VERY PRIVATE TUSSLE



*If this story has a moral,
it's this: never romance a female
wrestler! You just can't win!*

"BUT HOW do you handle a lady wrestler, Doc? I mean, what do you do about romancing her?"

Dr. Betty Raddington turned in her chair to get another look at the young man who was reclining on her couch. She had to admit that his problem was unique—at least in her experience. But then, she'd only been a full-fledged psychoanalyst for little less than a year, now. Perhaps one of her older male colleagues would be able to deal with it more effectively.

She pushed the thought away from her, angrily. It was unworthy, perhaps even un-Freudian. After all, she didn't *have* to be an analyst: She chose the career of her own free will. There were other things she could have done. With her breathtaking 38-26-36 figure plus a face to match, she could easily have been a photographer's model, for instance.

Indeed, Betty had been offered the chance to be a model and turned it down flat. She wanted to help people by using her brains instead of exploiting her body, she said. It hadn't been an easy job convincing others. Psychiatrists were supposed to be old men with beards and Viennese accents, not spectacularly built young women.

But she was determined to show them. She hid her figure in loose fitting dresses, wore an unnecessary pair of eye-glasses and set herself to prove that she could be as good an analyst as any male who ever lived.

And she was doing it, too, she thought.

(Continued on next page)

A VERY PRIVATE TUSSLE

That is until Rick Andrews walked into her office. He was the young man in love with a lady wrestler and too unsure of his own physical powers to do anything about it.

"Why did you come to me?" she asked in a low, husky voice that she tried unsuccessfully to de-sex. "I really know very little about wrestling, but I would think that a good gym..."

"Oh, look, Doc. Let's not kid ourselves," Rick said in a reasonable voice. "I could build myself up, sure, but I could never be a Killer Carruthers."

"And just what is a killer carruthers?"

"Not what, Doc. Who. Killer Carruthers is a wrestler. You can see him on television all the time. He's a real mean guy. His specialty is the 'twisting death hold.' They say he's almost killed five men with it."

"I see," Betty said, not really understanding, but hoping that she would, some day. "But just what is he to you?"

"To me? Why, he's nothing to me. He's Minerva's boy-friend."

"And Minerva? Is she the girl who..."

"Yes, Doc. Minerva Deare. You can see her on the TV, too. Oh, you'd love her, Doc. She's beautiful. She's got a figure like, er..." He moved his hands in a descriptive arc. "She's got a real sweet nature," he went on, dreamily, "and she laughs a lot... and she's a great wrestler, too."

"I get the picture," Betty said, dryly. She did not really think that she'd love Minerva. But it seemed obvious her patient did. And that, or so they told her, was the important thing. "Now tell me, slowly: Exactly what is the problem?"

"Well, there's two problems, really. First of all there's the Killer. He says that he'll murder any other man who takes Minerva out. I mean, murder with his bare hands!"

"And the second problem?"

"Minerva, herself. She likes me well, enough, but I'm afraid to try anything. After all, she is a lady wrestler."

"Yes," Betty said. "And you don't think that a gym..."

"Not a chance," the man sighed. The doctor stared at him for a few moments. Reluctantly, she had to admit he was right. He was simply not the beefy type. Still, he was

handsome enough, with black hair and sparkling eyes. She wondered what Minerva could be thinking of. Now, if she had a man like that...

She caught herself up, quickly. How unprofessional of her! This poor man had come to her for help, and she was actually thinking about him, personally.

She wondered if she'd been right to give up all male companionship so that she could concentrate better on her career. Lately, she'd been having the most unsettling dreams, ones which an analyst, of all people, should not have. Not that she didn't understand their significance. That was the trouble: She understood it too well.

And, now, these thoughts about her patient. It was almost humiliating.

Resolutely, she pulled herself back to his problem. "Now, Mr. Andrews," she said, firmly. "First, let's settle your fear of this, er, Killer person."

"Yes, Doc," the young man said, humbly.

"Why don't you go to him, explain that we are living in a civilized country, that the world is not a wrestling ring and that he is to stop these neurotic threats, immediately."

Andrew's mouth dropped open. "But... but, he'll tear me apart. You've never seen him, Doc. He's immense!"

Betty shook her head slowly from side to side, as if to calm a nervous child. "It is true that I've never seen him," she said, patiently. "But I happen to know that the hands of a professional wrestler or boxer are considered deadly weapons in the eyes of the law. You tell him that if he so much as touches you, you will see to it that he spends a goodly amount of time in jail!"

"Doc, you're a genius," the man said in an awed tone. "That really ought to do it."

Betty smiled modestly. "I think it should."

"But what about Minerva?" Rick asked, becoming suddenly crestfallen, again. "What do I do about her?"

"What would you do about any girl?"

"I'd make a pass and see what happened."

"And if you didn't succeed the first time, you would press on with the attack. Am I right?"

Rick seemed to hesitate.

"Don't be embarrassed," she said, with automatic reassurance. "You must not think of me as a woman, but as a doctor."

"Oh. Sure, Doc, if you say so. Yeah, I guess I'm a pretty persistent guy at certain times."

"I'm sure you are," Betty smiled. "Well, you handle Minerva in exactly the same way that you'd handle any other woman."

"Really?"

"Of course. Just because she's a wrestler, do you think she wants to be thought of as a freak? She is a woman and a woman wants a man to be persistent, to attack her, to even take her by using some force, if need be." She broke off, suddenly, wondering why she was being so vehement. Especially, since her whole life was devoted to proving that a woman does not have to be pushed around by men, but could stand on her own two feet.

Of course, she wasn't talking about herself, now, but Minerva. The female wrestler. She never thought she could be jealous of a female wrestler. Jealous! There she was, thinking of this man as a person, again. She'd better get him out of the office in a hurry so that she could check her own subconscious.

"At any rate," Betty went on, lamely. "That is what I think you'd better do. Why don't you come back a week from today and let me know what happened."

"Sure, Doc. One week from today." Betty watched the door close and heaved a sigh of relief. What could she have been thinking of?

Of course, it was disquieting to have such a young male patient. Almost 80% of the people who came through her office door were female. The rest were either boys or older men. Rick Andrews, on the other hand, was definitely virile, even if he couldn't take Killer Carruthers in a fair fight.

She got up from the chair and straightened her clothing in preparation for her next patient, a school teacher named Millicent Arbuckle. Accidentally, her hands brushed against her breasts and thighs. She had a nice body, she decided, too damn nice to waste in loose fitting dresses so that she could give advice to spinster school teachers.

She blushed, angrily. She could not allow herself to go on thinking like this. She had to get her subconscious in order before that young man's next appointment.

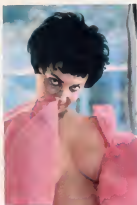
(Continued on page 62)

The difference between a male and

female bachelor is the "T" between the "A"

and "C." In the case of Candy Batchelor, we say . . .





A well-filled Miami pool's
Candy's cup of 'T' in the
wintertime, making for the
perfect setting for this
BaTchelor girl's gem-like
beauty. And for the T-less
male of the species, cold
as it may be in his neck of
the woods, he'll find the
kind of visual warmth here
that will suit him to a T!





Although
Batchelor is an old
English spelling
we'd like to use
French to say,
"Vive La T.. Vive
La Difference!"





Señora La Mentira
was a woman of mystery
to all of the people in
the town. But she obviously had a...

SUCCESS STORY

CASAS GRANDES is certainly not the ideal town in Mexico and for the past two years I have contemplated moving my law practice to the border where perhaps I could cash in on the burgeoning American divorce business. It is most unfortunate that a clever fellow like myself has less than 100 pesos in the bank and I owe old Gomez two months rent for my office. Who could even afford the bus fare?

Therefore, it is not difficult to comprehend my elation when Señora La Mentira entered my small office. Ah, what a handsome woman she was, despite her middle age. The dress she was wearing was an American model with a deep V-front, showing me that her breasts were still firm as a girl's. "Buenas tardes, señor," she said in a most businesslike fashion. "Gomez tells me you are a competent lawyer," she hesitated. "And one to be trusted."

"Honesty is the only policy, Señora," I answered, busily brushing off my other chair.

Casas Grandes is too small to allow any mysteries—save one. The identity of Señora La Mentira. Every Friday afternoon she would step off the noon bus from Mexico City carrying a small valise. After exactly ten minutes with banker Gomez, she'd return to the bus. This had gone on for many years, and even Gomez didn't know who she was—or why she deposited her money in Casas Grandes. But the Mexican nature is not a curious one, and as long as the money kept coming into the bank, Gomez was happy. As far as the townspeople—well, they are mostly mestizos, half-Indians, and from her expensive clothes and grand manner it was apparent that Señora La Mentira was of the gente decente—the upper class. We do not yet have a classless society in Mexico and I admit my manner toward the Señora tended toward the obsequious.

"Stop fawning all over me, young man," she said with authority. "I suppose you know enough to make out a will?"

"But of course, Señora." I practically shook with anticipation. "You also want me to be the executor?" I offered nervously, thinking of the 5% fee.

"Since I've no one else, you will have to do," she replied. "I plan to leave everything I own—it's all in Gomez' bank—to a Fund that I want you to set up, if you've the ability." (Cont. on page 66)

A HARRIED HOUSEWIFE in a New Jersey suburb dropped what she was doing in the kitchen and ran frantically into the bedroom when she heard her five year old, Allen, screaming bloody murder. He'd gotten too close to baby sister's crib, and baby sister had given a handful of his hair a healthy yank. "There, there," comforted the mother. "Susie didn't know what she was doing. She didn't know she was hurting you." Allen dried his tears, and Mom went back to her housework. Five minutes later a fresh supply of infantile invective again beckoned her to the bedroom. This time it was baby sister who was yelping. Allen was standing nonchalantly by her crib. "What happened?" asked the mother. "Nothing," said Allen. "Only now she knows." At exactly what age the desire to "get back" at others first makes itself manifest is not known. It is, however, one of the earliest urges to be awakened in man, running a close second only to hunger. And even then it's not definite which comes first. Oatmeal, a child soon discovers, can be lumpy; revenge, without fail, is sweet. Furthermore, once vengeful designs appear, they usually last a lifetime. One woman, bitten by a rabid dog was told by her doctor that she might die and had better make out her will just in case. She began to write. After an hour had passed the doctor coughed politely. "Er, you're taking rather Cont. on p. 44

REVENGE IS





Whether the one who upped your dander is a boss,
a wife, or a total stranger, there's nothing so
satisfying as returning the barb with vengeance!

REVENGE IS OH-SO-SWEET!

a long time to write a will, aren't you?"

"Will, hell!" replied the lady. "I'm just making a list of the people I'm going to bite!"

As she explained later with a contented glare in her eyes, "The Golden Rule is fine for Sundays, but for every day, just give me an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

Judging by the acts of vengeance committed each day, the lady's sentiments are not at all unique. In fact, some of the retaliatory efforts that have been put forth in the spirit of spite would make the lady's dinner menu seem like the paragon of neighborliness.

For example, the case of the Unhappy Jailbirds, a group of some seventy-five prisoners at Montreal's St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. Or rather what used to be St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary—for the thugs, in return for alleged injustices, burned the place to the ground a few weeks ago.

Or take Peter DeLagio, a twenty-eight year old painter who paints white lines in the middle of streets for the state of Rhode Island. For years he used to tremble each time a thoughtless and/or mischievous motorist would zoom by within inches of him. Today he's a changed man, trembling no longer. As the offending car shoots past, he simply stands up and holds his paint brush out at arm's length. DeLagio reflects happily on the fact that there are probably more white-striped cars in Rhode Island than in any other state in the Union.

Marty Weinman, a New York City bus driver, was similarly aggravated in the course of his work, in his case from unruly and ill-mannered passengers. For awhile he tried to absorb the abuse philosophically, but one day somebody went too far. It was a delivery man who seemed to have confused the 49th St. Cross-town with Hertz Rent-A-Truck. He had a big pile of boxes, and, with his foot on the treadle that operates the rear door, he was methodically tossing them into the back of the bus.

"Hey!" Marty yelled. "You're putting me behind schedule."

"Keep your shirt on," responded the man, as boxes kept flying in.

"Listen you," shouted Marty, "I'm late as it is!"

"All right, pipe down, I'm coming."

The man tossed in his last package and then ran to the front of the bus.

That's where Marty got even. He slammed the door and roared away. Four blocks later the guy caught up with him in a taxi. Panting, the delivery man ran up to the bus. "What's the big idea, huh?" he shouted. "You no-good, dirty—"

But Marty was hardly listening. For the moment, at least, he was the happiest bus driver in New York.

Another piece of impulsive revenge was smartly executed by one Avery Frick, a young man who had just gotten a job learning to operate a giant computer for a large engineering firm. The first day on the job, Frick accidentally dropped a mechanical pencil into the machinery. It took four days and \$20,000 to repair the damage. On the fifth day Frick, reporting to work with a new pencil, was met by the furious head of the department. "You dummy!" bellowed the boss. "You're fired!"

"I see," said the young man. "Well, in that case, I guess I won't be needing this." And with that he dropped his pencil into the machinery again and walked out.

While certain vindictive action can best be applied on the spur of the moment as with Frick's little frolic, planned meanness is, as a rule, more effective. Thus, when Larry Sann got booted out of a Boston movie theater for smoking in a restricted section, instead of punching the manager in the nose, he went home to give the matter some thought. The next night when he returned he was well prepared. In his coat jacket was a small jar which contained a dozen moths and which, when set loose in the theater, made straight for the light beam of the projector. The result on the screen was a picture so badly mottled that some four hundred patrons marched out and demanded their money back. To Sann it was a most gratifying procession indeed.

Another well-planned retaliation was the one conducted by New Zealand soprano Maurice Kohler against his accompanist, Lisa Mufson, who, for some obscure reasons of her own, delighted in hitting dischords just when Mr. Kohler reached a high and impressive note. Kohler, who of course could simply have fired her, decided instead on revenge. One

afternoon before a performance he slipped into her dressing room and carefully doctored the zipper on her gown.

New Zealand music lovers got a surprise taste of burlesque that night as the zipper inched downward with each movement of Miss Mufson's shoulders. By the end of the number the pianist's upper torso was entirely exposed. The audience broke into wild applause, and while it was obvious that Miss Mufson had upstaged him once again, Kohler didn't mind in the least.

The soul of vengeance lurks everywhere, but if there is any one place where it resides in particularly heavy concentration, it is on the domestic front. For instance, the running battle between the now ex-Mr. and Mrs. John Riley of Brooklyn.

It began when Mrs. Riley, irritated by her husband's almost hypnotic attraction to the nightly T.V. wrestling matches, took to running her electric dishwasher at just that time, badly impairing picture reception.

Striking back brilliantly, Mr. Riley made note of the fact that his wife was so fond of detective novels that she went through about three a week, then got hold of each one before she read it, glanced at the last page, and scribbled the name of the murderer on the first page.

The lady fumed awhile, then thought of a way to give him his just deserts. Or rather his favorite dessert—but spiked with hot pepper. The apple pie that evening made Mr. Riley jump for the ceiling.

But Riley wasn't licked yet. He secretly removed all but a few ounces of gasoline from the tank of the family car, and the following day the wife had to trudge a mile and a half to a gas station when she ran dry.

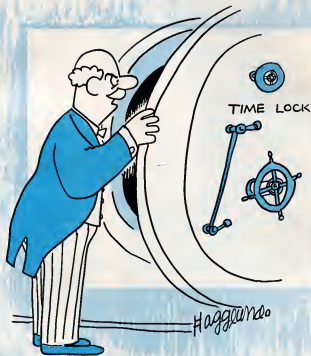
She promptly responded by putting starch in all his handkerchiefs.

Mr. Riley countered this with what he felt was his crowning blow. He began going to bed with all his clothes on, shoes included. It worked wonders. Other than waking up one morning with his shoelaces tied together, Mr. Riley apparently had won. His wife even started sleeping on the couch.

But in the end, Riley lost. His wife got a divorce, and ninety dollars weekly alimony is a revenge that Riley, though he's tried, has yet to top.

Another class of people who seem to be

(Continued on page 64)



"Draw your pay!
— Both of you!"



THE BULL



When Brussels sprouts the

When those tempestuous exotics begin
to go into torso-baring action at "Le Boeuf Sur Le
Toit," Belgians and tourists alike flock
to the fabulous sky-high pasture where the climate
is torrid, the scenery is but sensational
and the wildlife gets wilder with each performance!

ON THE ROOF



sizzlingest nitery revue in Europe, it's time for Paris to look to its laurels!

HIGH ABOVE the city of Brussels the blackness of night is broken by the rainbow-colored neon sign of "Le Boeuf Sur Toit." Atop one of the city's tallest skyscrapers, it beckons like a beacon to those in search of fun, gayety, excitement. And "Le Boeuf Sur Le Toit" (Tr.: "The Bull on the Roof") more than lives up to its twinkling invitation. Owned and run by an enterprising Belgian, Jean Omer, who made a careful study of such famous Parisian shows as the "Folies Bergere" and "Le Sexy" before originating the show at the "Bull," the club features three completely different shows nightly and between the shows six ecdysiasts do their dance-n'-doff routines to keep the customers entertained. Originally, most of the girls in the shows came from Paris; Omer used to make special trips there twice a year to fill out his chorus lines. Today, however, since the "Bull's" fame has spread all over Europe, beauties from many different countries come to Brussels just to try to land jobs at the sky-high "Bull." One result of this is that dressing-room chatter is apt to sound like six Bertolt records all scrambled together. But the loveliness of the girls is a universal language that is understood by the many tourists who flock to the "Bull." The plush nitery has become a must attraction for visitors to Brussels who are often surprised to find that the show out-Frenches the best in Gay Parcs. They shouldn't be surprised, though. After all, heat rises—especially at "The Bull on the Roof!"





None of the chorines in the "Bull" review shown here are Belgian, but theirs is the type of beauty which draws so many tourists to Brussels.



WHEN YOU PLAN to buy something, trust your nose to know. Act just like a bloodhound on the trail. Keep straight on the scent and you'll wind up—absolutely nowhere.

Or, at least, you're likely to. For, since today's enterprising salesmen have found out that the fastest way to your pocketbook is through your nose, modern science and an ancient art have been working in combination in order to utterly confuse, befuddle and bewilder your supposedly reliable sense of smell.

Why fool your nose? It's all psychological—"subliminal," if you please. Odor can affect a man below the conscious level of his mind. Send the right message to his nostrils, and the average guy will react as predictably as Pavlov's dog did to that dinner bell.

Although male scientists have only recently discovered this fact, it is a piece of psychology that women have always seemed to know. To a girl, scent means perfume, and certain perfumes have a special way of stimulating the male glands.

When a female wants to convince a man that her rather ordinary figure is more phenomenal than Venus', and that her face is more fantastic than Helen of Troy's, she merely sprays on some special perfume and, brother, that does it.

Egyptian charmers were following this formula at about the time that the pyramids were being built. And Egyptian males reacted in precisely the same way that you do when you get a whiff of Chanel No. 5 on the back of your companion's neck.

But though nearly every civilization has used the subliminal effect of odors as a sneak punch in the battle between the sexes, the 20th century is the first one to employ it as a sales gimmick.

With us, the odors are often not perfumes in the old sense, and they are not necessarily used to arouse the beast in man. They're meant to evoke pleasant associations. You, in turn, are meant to buy not because of the product, itself, but because of what the associations mean to you.

Let's suppose, for example, you're in the market for a used car. You do the usual bit of checking the engine, kicking the tires and

(Continued on page 61)

by Jay Martin

A new breed of technician—the odor scientist is proving that in the race to market new products it's more than likely that you can win by a nose!

Dollars and Scents





fiction, by Ted Mark

The only thing a
siren like Laura put on when
she went to bed was
the radio. That, anyway, was
the image that a
zealous press agent was busy
trying to create for
an eager public. Privately,
though, Laura had
even more interesting ideas!

the
GIRL
who
SLEPT
in
CHANEL
NUMBER
FIVE

SHE WAS PROPPED on the chaise longue like a Tiffany jewel displayed on black velvet. Her blonde hair was carefully mussed so that one smoldering deep blue eye peeped through a curl with the intensity of a Freudian analyst on the trail of a sex neurosis. Her sleazy black negligee separated plungingly at the bosom-line to display creamy, curved half-moons like melons in a South Sea travel ad. The bottom of the garment fell away from her hip-line to leave the full length of her slender, evenly tanned legs.

The fan magazine reporter sat across from her, trying not to stare too obviously. He was about halfway through the interview and the strain of her provocative pose at such close quarters was beginning to tell on him. "Uh, what do you wear to bed, Miss Revere?" he asked.

"Chanel Number Five." Laura Revere had opened her mouth to answer, but the words had come from the nattily-dressed man seated in the chair (Continued on p. 54)



THE GIRL WHO SLEPT IN CHANEL NUMBER FIVE

behind her. This was Joe Larson, her press agent.

"I mean," the flustered reporter tried to explain, "what do you put on when you go to bed?"

"The radio." Again the answer had come from Joe.

"I see!" He scribbled away furiously. "Is it true that you don't wear any—uh—" The interviewer let the sentence hang with an ineffectual motion of his hands.

"Brasiers." Joe finished it for him. "Yes, it's true. The only thing that might need uplifting in that department is the minds of the guys who focus on it."

The interview went on for a little while longer with Joe parrying the questions and supplying the kind of answers for Laura that would help to build up the sex symbol image he was trying to create for her. Finally, with a lingering backward glance, the reporter left and they were alone.

"Well," Joe said happily, rubbing his hands together, "that should be good for a spread and for some raised-eyebrow column quotes, too." He looked at Laura carefully, with the air of a businessman studying the selling-points of a piece of prime merchandise. "Next time, honey, just a little more décolleté. Remember, you're the sexiest thing to come down the pike since Sally Rand dropped her fan."

"It's hard, Joe. I don't feel that way."

"Look! Forget that method acting jazz. I don't care how you feel—it's how you project that counts, so let's make the most of those 39-inchers."

Laura sighed. "I don't know, Joe. Why do I have to be a sexpot? I mean, I can't help the way I'm built and I guess I'm glad I have a good figure, but why do I have to flaunt it so? All I really want out of life is a husband and home and kids. I know it's trite, but that's how I feel."

"Shh!" Joe said dramatically. "Don't ever let anybody hear you talking that way. You don't want to be back slinging hash, do you?"

"I guess not."

"That's my girl." Joe gave her a businesslike kiss on the forehead. "Well, I have to get down to the office and start the wheels rolling on that Vegas deal. Stay sexy," he added over his shoulder as he went out the door.

"Stay sexy!" Wasn't that just like the man? Laura thought to herself. As if her being sexy or not made any difference in his feelings towards her. To him she was just a product to package and sell! He never looked at her as a woman.

The trouble was that she'd been looking at him as a man since the first day they'd met. As a matter of fact, Laura was hopelessly hooked on Joe. She didn't particularly want to be his showpiece client; she'd much rather have been the little woman who darned his socks and soothed his rat-race fevered brow at the end of the day.

But, she told herself, he just doesn't see me that way. Then, she added firmly, I'm just going to have to make him look at me that way. She began to lay out her campaign in her mind.

She put it into action one evening during the following week. Joe had called earlier to say that he had to see her on business and she had said why not come to dinner and they could discuss it then. He had agreed and Laura had swept into a whirlpool of activity designed to make Joe see her as the wife for him.

That wasn't exactly the way he saw her when she opened the door to her apartment that evening, but he did do a fast double-take. "Well, if it isn't my old Aunt Jenny," he said, taking in her crisply boney gingham house-dress and frilly dress-up apron. "Or," he added, looking at her scrubbed-clean, makeup-less face and tightly rolled hair, "is it Miz Prim, the village librarian?"

"It's just little old me without any gook and wearing the latest fashion for Mrs. America this year," Laura answered flippantly. "You like?" She'd spent a lot of time picking out the somebody number and a lot more time deciding how to transform the glamor girl glare into a girl-next-door glow, so her question was more in earnest than the playful tone implied.

"You'll never make BACHELOR magazine in that outfit," Joe told her, wrinkling his nose in disapproval.

"I didn't intend to. But I don't see why I have to be a sex symbol all the time—and I certainly don't see why I have to be one in the privacy of my own home." The hurt

showed through Laura's voice, but it was lost on Joe.

"Just as long as you don't let any of the newswogs see you this way. ... What's for dinner?"

"Spare ribs and sauerkraut." Joe's face lit up. "Gee, that's my favorite dish."

"I know," said Laura demurely. She fixed him a Martini just the way he liked it, carefully squeezing five drops of vermouth into the chilled glass. Then she settled him in the livingroom with a copy of VARIETY while she went into the kitchen to finish preparing the dinner. She hummed happily over the homey task, purposely letting the melody waft into the livingroom.

Without thinking, Joe scowled in response to the tune. "What's with the cornball yodel?" he called to her. "If you have to warble, can't you be a little more peppy? Save the schmaltz for the sob-sister interviews."

The singing in the kitchen stopped and Joe went back to VARIETY. He took a sip of his drink and the scowl on his face deepened. "What did you do? Forget to put the cork back on the vermouth bottle?" he called to Laura.

"I made it just the way you said you like it. Five drops of vermouth. Period."

This time he couldn't miss the hurt in her voice. "Okay. Okay, don't get insulted. A chick with your looks doesn't have to be a bartender too. You've got other talents."

"Thanks a lot," Laura said dryly. She stood in the doorway holding a steaming platter of spare ribs and sauerkraut. "Come on, let's eat."

She led the way to the dining room. Joe took a look around as he sat down at the table. "Boy," he said, mildly disapproving, "you sure chintzed the place up."

"I think it makes it homey."

"Maybe, but it doesn't suit your personality."

"You mean it doesn't suit the personality you're trying to create for me. It suits my real personality very well."

"Dames!" Joe shook his head and helped himself to some spare ribs. In spite of fighting the crumbling away of his illusion of Laura, his face lit up in approval as he tasted her culinary efforts.

They ate in silence, Joe obviously enjoying the (Cont. on page 70)



"Are you sure this isn't just
another shipboard romance?"



Geography made easy



Famous throughout the world for the cars it produces, Detroit, on the middle of the northern border of the U. S., also produced this model, Pat Carley, styled to appeal!

Tokyo, the largest city in the world is also the fastest-growing with a population increase of over 200,000 per year. Its modern architecture makes its beauty noteworthy, as does the preponderance of lovely girls like Yoshie Mura living there.



If globes set
your head spinning and maps
mystify you, here's
a short, glamorous course in
geography to
set you straight on the four
corners of the Earth.
Marking them are landmarks
you'll never forget!



Tourists flock to Copenhagen, Denmark to partake of its winter sports, briskly healthy climate and sight-seeing delights like native Nordic beauty Greta Bjork.



Quartering the Earth geographically, one of the most desirable sections is "Down Under" and one of its scenic delights is Roberta Scourby of Melbourne, Australia.

ARE MEN AFRAID OF *Sexy* WOMEN?

BY JOEL CHARLES

BOB and Shirley Kardell met for the first time on the TV show "People are Funny." They were introduced to each other because UNIVAC, an electronic matchmaker, declared them completely compatible as marital partners. So they got married, and by mathematical calculations should live happily ever after.

"What has she got that we haven't?" many a high voltage sexpot sighed enviously as she turned off the TV and retired to her lonely bed, wishing earnestly that UNIVAC would fill the vacuum in her life.

For, let's face it, the average American male is scared silly of sexy females. Sure he'll ogle them, whistle at them, make passes at them with the slightest encouragement, or even none at all. But when it comes to marriage, he'll find himself a nice old-fashioned gal whose sexual attributes are not so conspicuous. He is much less interested in her potential as a bed-partner than as a wife and mother.

Not, of course, that the two categories are mutually exclusive. Heaven forbid!

If you don't believe that the average Joe will pass up the sexy dames when he is ready to settle down to

conubial bliss, ask Hollywood. It's common knowledge that many of the screen's most outstanding sirens are the loneliest women in the world.

Take for instance the sexiest sex kitten of them all, la Bardot. Although only 22, she has fallen in and out of love with monotonous regularity. Again and again she has tossed her heart to men who either didn't want it at all, or wanted it only on their own conditions. Love, with Brigitte, has been a one-way street.

In her marriage to producer-director Roger Vadim she sought a man who would possess her passionately. What she got was a wise, calm promoter determined to convert her into a symbol of sex and make her rich and famous. After him was Sacha Distel. "He always saw her as a famous actress, not a woman," Bardot's friends say. Besides, she couldn't hold him. Even while she kept insisting he would marry her, gossip columnists were linking his name with other flames. And Sacha wasn't denying the rumors.

Result: until her recent marriage to dimple-cheeked 22-year-old Jacques Charrier she floundered around in a sea of unhappiness, uncertainty and loneliness. "Brig-

Once they called them witches and even today we say that a man has been "bewitched" when he falls under



little needs love like others need food and drink," one of her intimate friends says. It remains to see whether she will get it, and security too, from this youth who had practically no experience with women when he met her on a movie lot.

Remember Lana Turner? After five unhappy marriages and one broken romance with a guy who refused to marry her, out of sheer loneliness she wound up in the arms of professional gigolo and petty gambler Johnny Stompanato—and a tragedy that will cast a shadow over the rest of her life. "I've always played the Patsy in every love affair," she wailed. "Nobody ever took care of me."

It may seem to you that anyone who would prefer to curl up with a good book when Rita Hayworth was available should have his head examined. Yet that precisely was her complaint when she divorced Orson Welles. *The Body Beautiful* testified sadly: "When it came time to go to bed he'd stay downstairs reading a book, and advise me to do the same!" How intellectual can you get?

Strangely enough, glamorous Ava Gardner cited the same complaint when she shed Artie Shaw. "Artie didn't love me," she testified. "All he cared about was books. I'd go to bed alone, while he sat reading!"

Maybe sex is only 50 percent of a good marriage, but it's at least 90 percent of an unhappy one.

Don't get the idea that it's only the American male who shies away from a permanent relationship with sexy females, or that this curious aberration is confined to the modern era. Some of the most famous sirens of history learned, to their sorrow, that a well-stacked

torso couldn't compete with homelier virtues.

Way back in ancient Greece any woman who emphasized sex appeal was considered immodest and wanton. Sex was the oldest profession, and the poet Antiphanes wrote: "A courtesan is a calamity to the man who keeps her." Another writer, Anaxiles, warned that "not one of the wild beasts is more devastating than a harlot."

The Egyptians were more tolerant. Cleopatra was only 21 when she seduced Julius Caesar. According to authorities on the period she was a hot-blooded, highly sexed voluptuary. Evidently the 50-year-old Roman found her too much of a good thing for he abandoned her for Servilia, a sedate matron of a noble Roman family.

The nymph of the Nile was well past her prime when Mark Antony appeared on the scene, but she still exuded enough oomph to inspire in him what tradition has portrayed as "the grand passion." Still it wasn't passionate enough to keep him from marrying Octavia, sister of his co-ruler of Rome, Octavian.

Lecherous Louis XIV exercised his kingly prerogative by bedding down impartially with chamber maids, peasant girls and ladies of noble birth. At least two of his mistresses were noted for their sexual proclivities: Louise de la Valliere and Mme. de Montespan. However he finally abandoned all others for Mme. de Maintenon, three years older than himself and completely indifferent to sex.

Indeed a contemporary source states: "Despite the affection she bore for Louis XIV, she submitted to the conjugal duties only with regret and her spiritual director had to exhort her to conquer her repulsion on these painful occasions." In spite of **Cont.** on next page

the spell of a siren. Is that why males shy away from vamps?



ARE MEN AFRAID OF SEXY WOMEN?

her lack of sexuality she remained his mistress for 32 years, and he secretly married her when the Queen died.

In Puritan New England sex was considered a sin, and sexually attractive women creatures of the Devil. Even the most fanatic of the witch-burners of the time was not however, immune to temptations of the flesh. In 1703, shortly after his wife died, Cotton Mather was visited by a handsome young gentleman of 20 summers (according to his diary) "with her most importunate requests that I would make her mine. What snares may be laying for me, I know not."

He wrestled with the Devil, begged the girl to leave off "lest the strain of it kill me." To escape her wiles, the old witch-burner finally married a modest young widow who lived but two houses away, and thus saved his soul from eternal damnation.

In fact in Cotton Mather's day any seductive female was likely to be burned as a witch, especially if denounced by jealous neighbors. Under torture she was forced to admit having had relations with the Devil in lurid detail. One of the tests of witchcraft was to shave all the hair off their bodies and prick them with a needle—especially in the areas of the sex organs—in order to find "insensitive" places where Satan had put his mark on them.

Benjamin Franklin, half a century later, was far from allergic to sexually attractive women. Never-

theless he advised young men not to marry them. "You cannot pluck roses without fear of thorns, nor enjoy a fair wife without danger of horns," he warned. In his mildly scandalous "Letter to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress" he urged that an older woman be preferred because "she will be prudent, wise, infertile and grateful!"

Horace Walpole, an English gentleman, Member of Parliament and noted literary amateur, took Franklin's advice seriously. He selected as mistress the 70-year-old Marquise du Deffand. In her youth she had been a famous beauty, mistress of the Duc d'Orleans (Regent of France) and numerous other men of importance and high rank. But by the time Walpole met her she was a tiny, withered, bird-like wisp of a woman, her once translucent skin dry and pale, her clear blue eyes totally blind for 20-odd years! No sexpot she!

In Victorian days decent women were sexless. If one occasionally did feel those "vile stirrings," it was considered shameful and degrading to yield to them. In fact an English marriage manual published in 1839 warned ladies that "an excessive ardor of desire" of "passion strongly excited" would cause female sterility! "It is well known that complaisance, tranquillity, silence and secrecy are necessary for prolific coition."

The author, a Dr. Michael Ryan, didn't bother to explain how come all the illegitimate kiddies in his country.

Thus throughout the ages in every civilized nation in the world men were taught to fear, distrust and avoid like the plague seductive females. It was only with the dawn of the 20th century, and the sexual revolution heralded by Sigmund Freud, that the paramount importance of the subconscious sex drive in both men and women was recognized. Even today many people regard his teachings that everyone has an unconscious—a sort of psychic closet stuffed with the skeletons of infantile, homosexual, incestuous and perverse desires—as vile and indecent. As late as 1910 he and his disciples were regularly castigated at medical meetings and psychoanalysis was regularly denounced.

In the late 1920s the revolution reached Hollywood, sex became a box-office commodity, the sexpot a star. However the male fear of sexy women, and the reluctance to accept them as marital partners in this country, persists. Psychologists believe that this is based on one or more of the following factors:

- 1—The latent feeling that sex except for the purpose of procreation is a sin, therefore sexy women are immoral;
- 2—Dread that such women use sex as a weapon to dominate their husbands, and thus "wear the pants" in the family;
- 3—Jealousy, the conviction that the husband of such a woman somehow is "sharing the wealth" with other men;
- 4—Fear that a sensual female will rapidly exhaust his lawful mate, seek satisfaction or revenge by cuckolding him with other men;
- 5—Conversely, the rumor that sexy-looking women actually are frigid.

Most agree that it will take a long time before men in the United States will accept the fact that sexy-looking females are not much different from other women, have the same desires and instincts, only more so. Meanwhile, the average fellow will continue to shy away from those sexy sirens.



DOLLARS AND SCENTS

(Continued from page 50)

perhaps even looking the model up in one or two of the rating services. But, whether you know it or not, you are likely to buy the auto which has the newest smell!

Why? Because a new car has the association of quality. And a "new car smell" is associated with a new car.

The problem is, though, that used cars rarely have that factory-fresh odor that will send a man flipping. What can the used-car man do about it? Buy some new car scent and spray it inside the old jalopy. This will glamorize the bus, and if the dealer follows through by shining it up and taking out the rust patches, he will have his sale almost before he knows what's happening!

But can you buy a can of new car scent? Yes, you certainly can—and just about any other odor which you can think of.

Artificial odors are the products of a very small and specialized industry. In the United States, for example, there are only about eight outfits which make up all commercial scents, including those used as sales gimmicks and those used in perfumes, after-shave lotions and hair-tonics.

The odor producing companies guard their own secrets at least as zealously as the auto-industry does. Each company produces its own scents by its own process—the formula for which lies behind locked doors. This does not mean that two or more of these outfits can't come up with the same smell, or at least a similar one. But when they do, they do so on their own.

The companies are not only secretive about their formulas. They try to stay out of the public eye as much as possible and never advertise their product generally. There are at least a couple of reasons for this. In the first place, the people who use odor to help sell their products are not particularly anxious to have the public know what they are doing. That new car scent gimmick, for instance, loses much of its effectiveness once you realize what it is. The whole idea of subliminal selling depends on the fact that the customer isn't aware that he's being sold.

How do the odor companies go about producing artificial scents? The process is a complicated one, but despite the wall of secrecy, it is possible.

Let's say that an odor firm wants

to duplicate the scent of leather. This was actually done, incidentally, and the resultant scent is used in a number of ways. Plastic which is designed to look and feel like leather sells better when impregnated with the leather scent. Also, the same odor has even been sprayed on paper-back books in order to give the whiff of "quality."

But to get back to the way it is made:

The first step is to get a hold of some natural leather and scientifically extract every bit of odor it contains. The leather is twisted, tortured, acted upon with chemicals until all the odor is taken from it. And since different types of leather have different scents, the process is repeated again and again.

When the odor scientists are finished, they have a lot of shapeless, odorless hunks of leather. But they also have a collection of every conceivable leather scent: Wet leather, dry leather, good leather, bad leather, bitter smelling leather and sweet smelling leather. Furthermore, they have these broken down into their various components.

This huge collection of individual odors is then analyzed by organic chemists. Once they know what the different formulas consist of, the lab boys proceed to synthesize them as accurately as possible. Then they

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blend the different odors back together again until they have what they hope is a rough approximation of leather smell.

The next step brings in the artist of the odor business—the perfumer. The perfumer is a very rare bird. Indeed, it is his rarity which limits the odor business to so few companies!

A perfumer can not only tell at a sniff whether a scent is accurate or not, but exactly what is needed to give it accuracy. His nose is one of the most highly sensitive instruments in existence, and his job is one of the most exacting, highest paid and least known specialties there is. Most perfumers are born into the job and are trained by their fathers for it from early childhood.

It is the perfumer who has the final say on what the scientist produces.

One example of how a pretty fragrance can rock the female mind concerns a certain brand of nylon stockings which was starting to lay a horrible egg. Then some bright boy at the manufacturer's got the idea of sending an S.O.S. to the odor makers. The stockings were sprayed with what must have been an irresistible fragrance, for the stockings quickly became best sellers.

Odors have even been injected into printers ink. In an advertisement for strawberry jam, for example, a slight whiff of strawberry scent may float up from the page. The old cliché, "It looks so real I can almost smell it," may be the literal truth!

The first profession to attract clients by means of scents was the world's oldest. The girls literally flung on the perfume so that any man within several hundred yards would be guided their way by his nose.

Now-a-days, though, the ladies of the evening must take a back seat to the bakers, used car dealers, department stores and all the other merchants who want to smell brighter than life.

It would be only fitting if the ladies took revenge by going their rivals for the dollar one better. Perhaps they could make their houses smell like old-fashioned, Victorian parlors so that the customers would feel the nice, homey atmosphere and not be stricken by attacks of conscience.

I don't think this has been tried, yet. But if the girls went to the odor makers with the idea, don't bet that they couldn't come through! # # #

VERY PRIVATE TUSSELE

(Continued from page 36)

But, instead, it seemed as if her subconscious was taking her over. All week, her unguarded thoughts had been terribly explicit. And the boldness of her dreams was enough to make her seriously consider going back into training analysts.

Of course, there was another choice: One that she would certainly advise a man in her unhappy state. Take a lover.

But who? The only men she knew were fellow analysts. And they were the type who would stop whatever it was they were doing in order to ask why they were doing it. No, two psychoanalysts couldn't possibly have an affair. There was something positively indecent about it. Almost as indecent as that lady wrestler...

It was at that point in her thoughts that Rick Andrews appeared for his second appointment.

He walked in looking definitely unhappy. His left arm was in a sling, he was limping and his right eye was slightly discolored.

"My God," Betty said, "what happened? Don't tell me the Killer..."

"No, it wasn't the Killer," said Rick, scowling. "He backed down just as soon as I told him what you said."

"Then, who or what...?"
"Minerva. I made one pass. Just one lousy little pass and she..."

Betty held up her hand. "Spare me the details," she said. "The results are unpleasant enough."

"Yes, aren't they?" His tone was bitter. "I thought you said that a woman wanted a man to be persistent. Even a lady wrestler, you said."

"I know I did. And your male ego is wounded. I'm sorry..."

"My ego! I wish it were only my ego that was wounded. I think that girl could take the Killer the way she bounced me around from wall to wall."

"Hush," said the doctor. "I'm thinking."

All right, she admitted to herself, she goofed. Not only did she manage to get Rick beat up, but he was humiliated, as well. He would probably never trust his masculinity again. You couldn't underestimate the effect of these things: Her suggestion might well have started a life-long neurosis.

She had to do something about that. Then, she got her idea. Why not help her patient and help herself at the same time?

"You must understand that this is Minerva's problem," she said care-

fully.

"Huh? I don't like to argue with you, Doc. But, judging from the shape she left me in, I'd say I was the one with problems."

"No, no," Betty said, impatiently. "I mean psychological problem. Minerva obviously has a deep-seated fear and hatred of men which was probably what drove her to such an unfeminine pursuit as wrestling in the first place. Her reaction wasn't directed against you, but against the male sex in general."

"You really think so?"

"I'm sure of it," Betty said, taking off her glasses. "After all I'm a trained psychologist. Now, a real woman would have wanted you to go after her."

"But, Doc..."

"I wish you'd stop calling me 'Doc,'" the girl said, starting to unbutton her blouse.

"Dr. Raddington..."

"Betty will do," she said, slipping the blouse off, entirely. "As I was saying, a real woman wants a man to be somewhat aggressive."

Rick watched bug-eyed as she took off her brassiere. "You're a real woman, all right. I don't know why you wear that thing, anyway. They just stand right up there and point!"

"Come here and stop wasting words," she said, huskily.

"Be careful of my arm."

"Honey, I wouldn't hurt you for the world. The only wrestling I know about can be done right on my own couch."

Later, after Rick had demonstrated his masculinity to Betty's complete satisfaction, she pushed him out the door so that she could fix herself up in time to greet Miss Arbuckle.

She had to admit that she felt healthier than she'd felt in several years. She wasn't entirely sure whether it was ethical to have used Rick Andrews for her own purpose, even though she was certain that it did him at least as much good as it did her. However, she couldn't be bothered about that, now.

In the meantime, Rick Andrews was in a telephone booth at a nearby drugstore. "Wes," he said into the mouthpiece. "That's what I said. You owe me \$100."

He grinned at the surprised voice at the other end of the line. "It was easy," he said. "I made up some tale about a girl wrestler and asked her advice. Hell, she almost threw herself at me. You would have thought she was grateful to me instead of the other way around."

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REVENGE IS OH-SO SWEET

(Continued from page 44)

particularly vengeful are consumers, which therefore includes all of us. If you've ever gotten home from the delicatessen to find the eggs crumpled soggily between the beer and the rye bread, you can understand the seething passions that drive customers to seek redress.

Probably the strongest argument against revenging oneself against another is that it sometimes backfires. A Georgia farmer, bugged beyond words at the number of water-melons being swiped from his field, hit upon an ingenious solution. He put a sign out that read: ONE WATERMELON IN THIS PATCH HAS BEEN POISONED. Since the thief wouldn't know which one, reasoned the farmer, he dared not risk taking any.

But it was the farmer that got slapped on the rebound. For the next morning the sign had been changed to read: TWO WATERMELONS IN THIS PATCH HAVE BEEN POISONED.

A lady who had just moved into

a new neighborhood also got put in her place by being too vindictive, too soon. Annoyed by the barking of a dog in wee hours of the morning, she picked up the phone and dialed the number of the house next door. "Yes?" said a sleepy male voice.

"Your dog is barking," snapped the woman angrily. "I can't sleep."

There was a silence for a moment. "I see," said the man slowly. "I'm terribly sorry. Please accept my apologies."

The woman, satisfied, went to sleep, despite the fact that the dog continued yelping off and on. An hour later she was awakened by the telephone. "Yes?" she answered sleepily.

"Hello," said the same male voice. "It's me, your next door neighbor."

"What is it?" said the woman, thoroughly annoyed.

"I don't have a dog," said the man amiably. And with exquisite softness, he replaced the receiver on its hook. # # #

TIME OUT FOR TITTERS

(Continued from page 28)

For the players who've got brains as well as brawn, one of the main duties of the coach is to fire them with fight via a rousing pep talk. Most famous along these lines was the great Knute Rockne, who used everything from a foghorn voice to underhanded psychology in order to put the spirit of battle in his boys.

During the half time break in a 1924 game with Georgia Tech, Rockne gathered the boys in the locker room and read them a telegram from his son Billy, seriously ill in a South Bend, Indiana hospital. "Please, boys," the telegram read. "Win this game for me. If you can win, then I know I can." Rockne swallowed a lump in his throat and quietly walked out.

The Notre Dame team was like a cruel and precise fighting machine during the second half. The boys romped all over Georgia Tech, for each one knew he was fighting for Rockne's boy. What they didn't know, was that Rockne's boy was in the stands, perfectly healthy, chomping on a hot dog.

Another bit of Rockne psychology was put to use the following year when Notre Dame was trailing Northwestern 10 - 0 at the half. All during half time the players waited in the locker room for the expected harangue from Rockne. But Rockne didn't show. Finally, just before it was time to go out on the field again, Rockne popped his head in the door, then quickly withdrew it. "Oh, excuse me," he said apologetically. "I

thought this was the dressing room of the Fighting Irish."

The final score was Notre Dame 13, Northwestern 10.

For all its roughness, though, football is a tremendously popular sport, and its popularity is growing like India's population. Evidence of this has been popping up in varied and subtle ways. For example, when President George L. Cross of the University of Oklahoma asked his state legislature for more money, he explained: "We are trying to develop a University that the football team can be proud of." And when a California grade school teacher asked her class to name the eleven greatest Americans, one student's explanation for not having finished with the rest of the class was: "I can't decide on the quarterback."

The greatest tribute, however, ever given to the phenomena of football, was unconsciously offered by a little boy who had just seen his first football game and was still incensed with the roaring crowds, the smell of hot dogs and peanuts, the hoarse hawking of the ice cream vendors, and the spirited cavorting of the cheerleaders.

That night when his mother peeked into his bedroom, she saw him piously on his knees saying his prayers. He was swinging his arms vigorously back and forth, and chanting: "God bless Daddy, God bless Mommy, God bless Sister — Rah, Rah, Rah!!!" # # #



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SUCCESS STORY

(Continued from page 41)

"A Fund. But certainly!" A foundation. How marvelous. Foundations need full time counsel. "What kind of foundation, Señora?"

"Very few of the girls around here ever get any education. I plan to see that they do," she explained. "I don't think I've enough money to build and maintain a school, but I feel what I have is sufficient to educate a great many girls who otherwise would remain illiterate."

"A most worthwhile endeavor," I said with as much sincerity as I could muster. "You are indeed the personification of the true Christian spirit." But to myself I wondered why such an aristocratic woman gave a hang for the poor peons of Casas Grandes.

Then it happened.

I have thus far told you I was an impetuous lawyer. There is a reason for my being thus. In order to understand my actions, it is necessary to tell you something of my nature.

I am a compulsive amorist.

There are strange, piquant juices boiling within me. Whenever I am confronted by a beautiful woman—a delicious woman—I lose complete control of my propriety. Certo, it has resulted in the loss of many a client like the time Sanchez came in with his daughter-in-law—what a plump avocado she was—but that is another tale.

All the time I was talking to Señora La Mentira I began to feel the first bubbling of my juices. You know the old saying that an old piano plays the sweetest tune and as I've said, she was indeed deserving of the adjective *deliciosa*. Just as I was telling her about her true Christian nature I leaped from my chair, threw my arms around her, kissed her passionately on the lips—and, if I didn't at once see that lovely 5% fly out the window, I would have been more affected by the white hot ashes still smoldering in her lips—like chile verde. From past experience I knew that apologies were useless, but then I was surprised.

"I was just beginning to think that you were no more than a pompous young nincompoop," she smiled warmly. "You are no doubt a better lawyer than I supposed." She stopped for a moment. "Ah, it is some years since a young man has done that, but once . . . ay caray, I could tell you some stories . . ."

We proceeded to make out the will and set up the La Mentira Foundation for the Education of the Young Ladies of Casas Grandes. The Señora's fortune came to more than three million pesos—which even if trans-

lated into dollars came to a great, great deal. The will was a simple one, and took less than an hour to complete. When I finished typing it, I handed the copies to Señora La Mentira. "Just sign here, Señora," I said affectionately, "and you can rest assured that your savings will be put to use exactly as you've ordered. (Minus my beautiful 5%, of course)."

She lit a cigarette. "Will you kindly sign it for me, and then I'll make my mark," she said.

"Sign it for you? Make your mark?" I didn't understand.

"Without so much as a tinge of embarrassment she explained, 'I have never learned to read and write, Señor.'"

And then, without my asking her, she told me her story. "When I was sixteen years old my father sent me from Casas Grandes to Mexico City to work as a stock girl in Jimenez Brothers Department Store," she began. "I felt very proud because I always was an ambitious girl and didn't look forward to the future that life cuts out for a peon's daughter. Both of my sisters died in childbirth before they were twenty."

"I worked for the Jimenez Brothers for almost a year. I was a country girl and shy, but I worked diligently unpacking boxes of merchandise. Not having any friends, I used to stay late in the store and arrange shelves, sweep up, and fold merchandise. I was a pretty girl, and apparently I caught the eye of the younger of the brothers who one evening decided to stay late and help me arrange shelves. I was lonely. He was friendly—and nature took its course. Two or three nights a week he would stay to 'help' me with my work. In his way, the younger Jimenez was generous and one night he offered me some money. I was shocked and refused. He made another offer. Since I was such a conscientious employee, he would think about promoting me to a salesgirl. I was terribly excited. This was the start of a career."

"The next day young Jimenez took me to his brother and explained that I was doing quite well and should be given a chance to be promoted—for more pay. The older brother said that he would give me a chance and took out a salesbook. 'We will teach you how to take orders,' he said. I began to cry. 'What's the matter,' he asked. I told him that I could neither read nor write. 'You can't read or write,' the older brother said with dry surprise. 'Well then, you can't possibly be a salesgirl, and since we always advance through the ranks, and since now you can't

possibly be advanced, I'm afraid you must leave our employ. You've done a good job, and if you should ever learn to read or write...

"What I didn't realize at the time was that this was the older Jimenez' way of ridding himself of his brother's mistresses. To make matters worse, I discovered that I was pregnant, but had too much pride to return home—or to see Jimenez. I learned of an abortionist—a miserable wretch she was—who turned out to be a recruiter for El Gato Negro."

My lawyer's blood turned cold. El Gato Negro was the most notorious brothel in Mexico. I looked at Señora La Mentira in disbelief.

"I wasn't recruited, young man," she continued. "I enlisted. I didn't know what else to do and for two long years I lived that hardening life. Some girls like it. I didn't have it for sailors off of freighters and fat American tourists. But I was pretty and popular nonetheless and unlike the other girls, I saved my money."

"I didn't buy fancy clothes or liquor and although I admit I had a sweetheart or two, they didn't get a cent from me. I opened an account in a bank and my savings began to grow. The other girls learned of my 'wealth' and were forever borrowing. I must say that there is honor of sorts among that sorority, and the money was always returned. And then, I thought of a way to get out of El Gato Negro. I would lend money at interest. Four pesos for five in return. Since I have what I think is called total recall, reading and writing wasn't a necessity. Within a year my savings were large enough and with the help of the madame of El Gato Negro, I started my business. I've been lending money to putas in Mexico City for many years now."

"Why did you deposit your money here?"

"Besides the fact that it's my home, I know the nature of the people. Nobody would ask questions. And another thing, when I first came here I asked Gomez to fill out my deposit slip and he's done it ever since—he's a caballero helping a fine lady from getting ink on her hands."

"A most amazing story," I said, adding "Señora" very distinctly, even though I now knew it was an honorary epithet. "Just amazing—and even more so because you've never learned to read or write."

"Why is that, señor?"

"Well, you've amassed millions of pesos," I almost cried at the thought of so much money. "Think of what you'd be now if you were educated."

"I know what I'd be," she answered coldly. "A saleslady at Jimenez Brothers." # # #



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HOW NOT TO BE A VEGETABLE

(Continued from page 12)

Next thing you'll be tellin' bout old Archibald Bean who consorted with that aboriginal gal or Rickie Bean who went to New Guinea to be a white god among the natives. He did it, too—cept they shrunk his bloomin' head and I've got a picture of it to prove it, and maybe I'll send it to you for safe keepin' in the states. Now, I've never met cousin Bean who diddle the ostrich — though for the life of me I can't understand what he ever saw in the bloomin' beasts.

If you should ever decide, Good Lord Hope you do, to leave the wicked wild life on the stage and want to do somethin' honest, there's a pretty penny to be made here shearin' sheep. Ostriches, indeed.

Sincerely,

Laertes Bean.

P.S. I've looked through all the back issues of the Sydney Herald-Australian I can find, but could find no trace of the case. Must be Uncle Harold Bean (the politico) kept it out of the papers, lucky thing. What did cousin Bean do? Did they make him marry the bird?

When Merrill, Lynch, Pearce, Fenner, and Bean changed its name to Merrill, Lynch, Pearce, Fenner, and Smith, I received a note from a woman who said that she felt more secure in investing now that I had left the firm, and that she couldn't figure how the firm hired a comedian in the first place.

Originally, I was billed as Orson Bean, Harvard '48, Yale 0. Many of my routines dealt with Harvard's effiteness on the football field, "Here comes the Harvard Eleven in their Tweed uniforms," and that sort of thing.

Now, I'll make an admission. Records in the county clerk's office in Cambridge show that Dallas Burroughs was born there 35 odd years ago. He grew up in Cambridge—but, and this is the first time it's in print, I never went to Harvard. In fact, I never even went to college. Not that I'm against college education, mind you—I wanted to be a magician.

But nobody believes me. Somehow, my name has gotten on to the Harvard rolls, and I'm always being called upon to speak at class reunions, and I'm always bumping into people who knew me at Harvard. Especially one man named Rowell. I'll call him Roger Grizbek.

Grizbek must know a helluva lot of people—but not me. Everywhere I go, I get calls. "Mr. Bean, I'm a friend of Roger Grizbek's—he knew you at Harvard. Said you'd be glad to give me tickets to your show."

Or, "Roger Grizbek said if I'm

ever in trouble and needed a few bucks, just look up Orson Bean and mention my name."

You can imagine how I felt about Grizbek, yet I could never locate him. Then, came the day when I was in a hotel lobby and heard a bellhop paging Roger Grizbek. I followed the bellhop to a portly fellow, just about 20 years older than I am. I approached him. He was with friends, no doubt telling them about his great friendship with me. He saw me, and without so much as a blink, said, "Orson, buddy," and ran up and embraced me. "This is my old Harvard chum, Orson Bean," he said, introducing me to the group. "Boy did we have laughs."—and then, whispering in my ear, said, "Don't give me away, will you chum. You wouldn't believe this, but I never went to Harvard," then, grabbing me said, "Orson, let's leave these guys and get zonked?"

"Zonked?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "Like the old times. What are you? A man or a vegetable?"

Sometimes, I'm not sure.

Sometimes, it becomes so impossible, that I decided to take a trip to Europe—where I'm not particularly well known. I went to Greece.

As soon as I got off the plane, the customs checker read my name and saw "Bean." Instead he said, Orson Dhrshbi.

Dhrshbi. Delightful. Here at least, people wouldn't think I'm a vegetable. Orson Dhrshbi. Private American citizen. I decided to use the name in checking into a hotel in Athens.

The room clerk looked at me. "Dhrshbi?" he asked.

"Dhrshbi," I answered. "Orson Dhrshbi, from Boston."

He began to laugh. "That's very funny, sir," he giggled, "You'll have to excuse me. I used to live in Boston," he laughed. "A Boston Dhrshbi. Ho Ho."

"Ho, ho, indeed," I said. "What are you laughing about?"

"Well, sir—do you know anything about the word 'dhrshbi'?"

"No."

"Do you know what it means?"

"No?"

"It means bean."

Well, that did it, I guess I'm stuck with it—Orson, the Boston Baked Bean.

But I guess it's not too bad. In my mail I found a fan letter from a chap named Henry Banana, of Grants Pass, Oregon. Banana. Ha. Ha. Now that's a funny name. Hell, I'd rather be a vegetable over a you-know-what anytime. # # #



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BORDERLINE CASE

(Continued from page 8)

went and the empty questions they asked, all meant to cause me to remember how it was before I became ill. But as the shreds of memory came back, strung together in disorder, they became a kaleidoscope that whirled within my mind until I screamed with the agony of it.

But, no it was a dream! A sudden burst of daylight showed the Master towering above me. I reached for the Woman but she had vanished. Indeed, she had never been there, really. I looked up at the Master fearfully, expecting to be punished for my dream; but he only smiled and beckoned. I followed him out of the cave, and I could feel the unfriendliness of the desert as we walked across its vastness.

But then his smile broadened and I knew there was nothing to fear.

I'm okay, doctor. Yes, I'm back again, maybe for good, this time—and maybe, let's face it, for only a minute or two. When I decided on this drying-out period I didn't know what the hell I was getting into. Man, it's rough. Jesus, I've been having the most god-awful dreams! Your poor little nurse, here, became a sex-hidden harpie in my dreams and—please forgive me, Miss, but I'd lost control; it must have happened with some of the others—and you, doc, turned into a godlike being who ran me ragged—kept interfering with me and the Wo—the nurse. Man, I hated your guts. Oh, let me apologize for yesterday—when I fell downstairs, I mean, and afterward, Miss, when I gave you a bad time in my room. Bet you thought you were about to get

raped. Good thing the doc came along, or—Say, Doctor, one complaint: can't you put a shade over that naked bulb in my room? It's rough on the eyes. I guess the booze weakened my brain as well as my body, eh? Well, no matter how I act up when the D.T.'s come back, just remember I want to see this thing through. And to hell with the heart murmur, I mean it! If this little experiment does you guys any good—helps with future cases—fine, it's the least I can do for—what did you call them?—my fellow sufferers. Yes—keep that tape recorder going, doc, get every word. Who knows?—it may turn out to be my monument. Epitaph, I mean—Hey! I think I'm going, Doc—the walls are falling away and—oh, my God, the cold and the darkness and the loneliness, it's all coming back!

The situation has changed. Because the Woman, her thin filmy robe streaming behind her, has run from the cave, and the Master has obviously decided what is to become of me. The friendliness has left his face and now he has drawn his long thin sword. I try to move, to run, but I can only huddle here, cowering, knowing what is to happen yet powerless to prevent it. Now the Master is upon me, his one hand groping for me, the other ready to thrust with the sword.

It comes—and now I can feel the sharp agony of the blade. This time the Master does not miss—as he did before when he only struck my arm. No, this time the pain is in my chest through and through, and I know that this is the end... # # #

GIRL IN CHANEL No. 5

(Continued from page 54)

meal and Laura beaming with satisfaction as she watched him. "That," he said when they went back to the livingroom for coffee and cigarettes, "was a damn good meal."

"I like to cook," Laura told him earnestly.

"Yeah," Joe said. "You'll make some man a darned good wife some day."

"Some man? Some day?"

"Yeah. But for now do me a favor and shelve the homey bit. We're trying to put you across as an American Bardot, not a female Oscar of the Waldorf."

"Wait a minute," Laura said. "What are you so afraid of? There's nobody here but us two. Relax. Isn't this pleasant and—and—well, homey. Just the two of us, I mean."

"Now, whoa!" Joe retreated across

the length of the livingroom. "Just what's going through that beautiful head of yours? I mean, I'm nuts about you, kid, you know that. But—and pardon me if I flatter myself—but, I get the decided feeling that you've got 'I do' whistling in your ears."

"I do."

"Wrong number, pet. I dig you as all woman, but what would I do with a dame hipped on the pipe-and-slipper bit. Not my cup of gin; you know what I mean? ... Besides, what a waste of talent for you. You don't want to play house with me when you could be every John Doe's dream girl."

"Yes I do."

"Nix. Besides, don't get insulted, but you're not my type. I mean, tonight you're not. I don't really dig

the housewifely image. Just personally, as a man, I go for sexpots. The dame that drags me to the altar is going to have to have me so hot-and-bothered I don't know what I'm doing," Joe paused to let it sink in. Then: "Now, about that Las Vegas deal..."

Towards the end of the evening Laura directed all her sex appeal towards him. She came over and insisted that he dance with her. When they were on the dance-floor she patted her voluptuous body to his so closely that a split atom couldn't have been fitted between them. She breathed in his ear, making him tighten his grip in spite of himself. "How'm I doing?" she whispered throatily, tickling the hair at the nape of his neck.

It was some time later that Laura sat up stiffly in the bed and threw back the sheets with one outstretched arm. She got to her feet slowly, her naked body shining in the moonlight. Then, with both arms stretched in front of her in the classic sleepwalker's pose, she moved slowly to the French doors opening on the balcony which adjoined both her room and Joe's. She threw open the doors and walked carefully to the other set of doors. She tried the knob. When it didn't give, she stepped back, eyes still firmly shut, and half-turned, facing out over the balcony. She stood that way a long time, as though some facet of her subconscious mind was trying to fathom the mystery of the bolted door.

Seemingly, she was oblivious to the fact that the balcony fronted on the hotel gardens where the considerable overflow from the dance was now frolicking gayly for the benefit of the photographers. Before long, somebody spied the Venus-like apparition posed on the balcony. The word spread and pretty soon all eyes were squinting through the shadows at the silhouetted figure. Then an eager press agent had a brainstorm. He turned on a searchlight which had been used to ballyhoo the affair and focused it directly on Laura. Her naked figure stood unflinchingly poised in its beam with every curve and contour clearly etched in breathtaking detail. The photographers fell all over each other to record the vision for posterity.

She stood motionless, indifferent to the hubbub below. But it had grown to such proportions that it had waked Joe. He looked through his French doors with disbelieving eyes. His first impulse was to drag Laura inside. But then he thought better of it. He let her stay there until the photographers had had a chance to shoot her from every conceivable angle. Then he went out on the balcony, took her by the hand and gently led her into his room.



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She followed him passively and stood quietly in the center of his room while he scratched his head and tried to figure out what to do about her. But, as he surveyed her figure, his perplexity gave way to a growing desire. She certainly was built! A real sexpot!

When the kiss was over they opened again. "Where am I?" she asked.

"In my room," Joe told her. "You were sleepwalking."

"Oh, dear." She looked at her bare body, but her voice wasn't too perturbed. "I guess that's the risk a girl takes when she sleeps in Chanel Number Five."

Laura stopped him short.

"The only girl that can drag you to the altar is the one who can get you so hot-and-bothered you don't know what you're doing. Isn't that what you said?"

"Well, yeah, but—"

"But what? You look pretty hot-and-bothered to me."

"Well, I'm damned if I'll have any wife of mine wearing Chanel Number Five to bed and sleepwalking.

What would the neighbors say? Come on now, was that an act, or was it for real?"

Laura nestled into his arms. "You'll never know," she told him, kissing him hungrily. "You'll never know... And you don't really care, do you?"

"I guess not," said Joe, returning her kiss. He followed it up with another one, but he broke it off abruptly. "Just a second," he told her.

"What is it?" Laura asked. "Darling, what's the matter?"

"Nothing," he told her. "I just have to tell somebody the news." He dialed OPERATOR on the telephone.

"Are you calling your folks?" Laura asked.

"No, I'm—Hello, operator? I want to make a person-to-person call to Earl Wilson in New York. Okay, I'll hold... Hello, Earl baby... Have I got a juicy item for you. What top press-agent and what sleepwalking sexpot are set to tie the knot?"

Oh, well, Laura told herself, I guess he'll always be in love with his work! # # #

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL

(Continued from page 17)

...Of course there will be consequences for me, too. Mrs. Blaine, Kerstin's mother, might not wish to keep me as a summer guest in her lovely house on the bay. I might have to ride through the rest of the vacation amidst my own family. A dreary prospect, I assure you. My father is a vocational martyr with the memory of an elephant. He'll give me day by day recountings of how he sacrificed the last ten or fifteen years of his life to send me to decent schools. But then again, dear, flutter-brained Mrs. Blaine might feel grateful. Not for the open scandal, god forbid, but for my putting an end to the tacit one. She is rather possessive about Kerstin, you know. She glued the stamp on my letter to you herself, and took it to the post office.

"Oh yes, she knew what she was mailing. I had let a draft lie around for her on purpose. I knew she'd read it, the minute she'd feel unobserved. I wanted to give her a choice, you understand, since she is my hostess.

"It was an intriguing letter, I admit. You wanted to speak to me right away, just as I hoped you would, although you didn't understand what I was driving at, apparently. Mrs. Blaine understood. That's why she sent it registered.

"Kerstin's reaction ought to be the most interesting. We can't count on his conscience. He hasn't needed one up to now. Everybody loves him

just the way he is. But we can count on the shock: suddenly he's being betrayed. I'm his oldest friend, you know.

"Certainly I'm fond of Kerstin. But then I'm fond of most people. I mean: I rarely dislike anyone. I get exasperated at times, but that's merely nerves.

"Have you ever driven with Kerstin? Don't. It's a suicidal experience. He refuses to wear his glasses. At least he won't put them on when we drive over to Sandra's house. I can see why, of course. He doesn't care to spoil that amorous expression which makes the charm of the near-sighted. You know the way he can look at you sometimes: like a green-eyed kitten, taking its first aquint at the big world. Quite irresistible for a woman over thirty, wouldn't you say?

"I have a theory about eye-sight in relation to character. It's not my own theory, actually. People have known it for thousands of years. But as so often happens with true knowledge, only some side aspects of it survive which make us laugh and feel very progressive, merely because we've lost the context. You've heard of the superstition that thieves are cross-eyed?

"You haven't? Well, it doesn't matter. Anyway, Kerstin confirms my theory beautifully: He can't see beyond the tip of his very short nose. Consequently, what lies beyond it, does not exist for him. He

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hates precision. Fog is much more flattering to the contours—especially of mature women... Still, I don't enjoy risking a dramatic death for another man's vanity. I finally told him: either you wear your glasses, or you drive to Sandra's house alone.

"Yes, sir, I'm speaking of your wife, and of your house at Riverhead. You must forgive me for knowing both rather well. I've spent many afternoons on your porch, and Sandra herself requested that I call her Sandra—to put me at ease, I suppose, or to put herself at our age level. I hope you'll let me go on referring to her as 'Sandra.' Anything else would be rather unnatural for me at this point.

"What am I trying to insinuate? You read my letter! Didn't you ask me to come to your office to hear the details?

"You don't really mean that, do you? That I'm pretending to be your wife's lover? Would I sit here if I were?

"No, sir. It is not a credit to your wife's 'better taste.' You needn't look so gratified. I never even tried to seduce Sandra. Challenges of that sort don't tempt me. I don't bother to love myself. Why should I bother with anyone else? I need my time to think. I leave loving to Kerstin.

"You misunderstand me completely. I'm not jealous of Kerstin. You may be. I'm not. My wife isn't unfaithful. I don't have a wife.

"Of course I know what I'm talking about. I never speak unless I'm sure of my subject.

"How do I know? Because I was there. They haven't had a single rendezvous that I didn't chaperone. Today, Kerstin won't go, because I'm not there to go with him.

"Why he takes me along, if he wants to make love to your wife? Because he likes to share his emotions, I guess. What's the fun of acting without a spectator? Besides, he needs someone reliable to sit out on the porch and keep watch, in

case the laundryman comes, or a delivery from the grocer's, or you, for that matter.

"I'm not forcing you to believe me. But perhaps you will recall a certain week in January when your mother had an attack of hepatitis, and you went to Cleveland to see her. That's when it started. Kerstin had been to your Christmas party, remember? He kept telling me about Sandra, how she had looked; and how she had looked at him. I finally suggested that he give her a call. She asked if we would like to drive over...

"I say 'we,' but Sandra could scarcely hide her disappointment when she saw me get out of the car. She looked very soft in a yellow, fur-trimmed housegown—a Christmas gift from you, I understand. I felt sorry for her that I had come.

"We sat in your library, Kerstin with Sandra on the couch. He managed to slide his hand into one of her wide sleeves.

"Have you ever looked at Kerstin's hands? They're rather brutish, to my taste. But apparently some women love paws. Sandra pretended to be playing with the fur on her cuff so that I shouldn't see her carers his wrist. I got up to inspect your books. Finally Sandra thought of making us sandwiches. Kerstin followed her into the kitchen.

"I wish I could say those sandwiches were the most delicious I had ever eaten, considering the time they spent making them. But I can say that you have a very interesting library. A slight overemphasis on the hero theme, perhaps. You know what I mean: too many biographies of successful men. It made me speculate about you quite a bit. A self-made man, comparing recipes, I said to myself. If only he were interested in consciousness. Still, I was thankful that you weren't a retired general, incessantly improving the battle of Waterloo, or an economics maniac...

"I ploughed through most of your books during those winter months, until it got warm enough to sit on the porch. That first day in January I read Bolitho: Twelve Against the Gods. I had finished with seven of them by the time they came back. Some people can't seem to learn except through their bodies. But it depends on the dose, of course. Too much pain numbs the mind.

"Oh yes, indeed. A good thrashing might produce very interesting results, especially on Kerstin who is so used to being pampered... or were you thinking of beating your wife, sir?

"Me? Why me? I'm conscious enough as it is...

"That's my umbrella, sir. It's not fair to hit me with my own umbrella!..."

#

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